

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

An illustration at the top of the page shows a horse on the left and a room with a fireplace on the right. The horse is standing in a stable-like setting. The room has a fireplace with a mantel, and there are some items on the floor.

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 49.—VOL. II.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



MISS ELEANOR BUFTON.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BABES IN THE WOOD AND THE BIG BED OF WARE.
The Press declares this Pantomime to throw into the shade all that have yet been produced.
"Good music, brilliant ballet, glittering costumes, grotesque dances, and gorgeous scenic accessories."—*Times*.
"A spectacle probably never before realised on any stage."—*Morning Post*.
"There will be few pictures seen at once so brilliant and accurately artistic."—*Telegraph*.
"Artist and manager were called, the applause being overwhelming."—*Daily News*.
"The story is treated in a poetised manner, simply and tenderly."—*Standard*.
"Every perfection we look for in a stage picture."—*Advertiser*.
"Nothing could be more brilliant."—*Era*.
DAY PERFORMANCES, WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, F. B. CHATTERTON.—Every Evening at 7, TEN OF 'EM, after which the Christmas Grand Comic Pantomime, ALADDIN; or, THE WONDERFUL LAMP. The celebrated Vokes Family. Harlequinade, Double Troupe of Pantomimists. Morning Performances Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.—Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—MR. HENRY IRVING.—

THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; King, Mr. T. Swinburne; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. E. Leathes; Horatio, Mr. G. Neville; Ghost, Mr. T. Mead; Osric, Mr. H. B. Conway; Marcellus, Mr. F. Clements; First Actor, Mr. Beveridge; Rosencrantz, Mr. Webber; Guildenstern, Mr. Beaumont; and First Gravedigger, Mr. Compton, &c.; Gertrude, Miss G. Pauncfort; Player Queen, Miss Hampden; and Ophelia, Miss Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 6.50, with FISH OUT OF WATER. Mr. Compton. Doors open at 6.30. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

HAMLET.—Notice.—STALL CHAIRS are now

PLACED in the ORCHESTRA, and specially reserved to accommodate the public by payment at the doors in the evening only. Stalls, 7s.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; private boxes, 31s. 6d. to 63s. Seats may be secured one month in advance. Box-office open 10 till 5.—LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Responsible Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.

ROYAL HYLMIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville,

Sole Lessee and Manager.—Last nights of the great realistic drama of the day, THE TWO ORPHANS. THE GARRET SCENE, with its startling incidents, received with deafening applause. Superlative cast: Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler, Messrs. William Rigbold, Harcourt, Voltaire, Sugden, Roland, and Atkins; Mesdames Erstone, Huntley, Harcourt, Hazleton, Taylor, and Charles Viner. At 7, TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER; at 7.30, THE TWO ORPHANS. Box Office hours, 11 to 5. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 7, INTRIGUE. At 7.20, OLD SAILORS. Messrs. Terry, Vernon, Cox, Graham, Stephenson; Mesdames Ada Swanborough, M. Terry, and Raymond. At 9.15, LOO, AND THE PARTY WHO TOOK MISS. Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox; Mesdames Claude, Venne, Jones, &c.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager,

MR. FRANCIS FAIRLIE.—This, and Every Evening, Miss LYDIA THOMPSON and Company will make their appearance at this Theatre in a Grand Pantomime Bouffe (by H. B. Farnie, Esq.), entitled BLUE BEARD. Characters in the opening by Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, George Beckett, &c.; Mesdames Rachel Sanger (specially engaged), Ella Chapman (her first appearance in England), Topsy Venn, Emily Duncan, Courtney, Russell, D'Aquila, Kathleen Irwin, &c. Characters in the Harlequinade: Columbine Miss Lydia Thompson; Harlequin, Mr. George Beckett; Clown, Mr. Willie Edouin; Pantaloon, Mr. George Barrett; Policeman, Mr. Lionel Brough. New and elaborate Scenery by Messrs. Maltby and Hann. Costumes by Madame Wilson and Sam May, from designs by Alfred Thompson, Esq. Produced under the direction of Mr. Alexander Henderson. Incidental to the Bouffe will be Two Tableaux, arranged by John O'Connor, Esq. (and realised by living figures), the one after the celebrated picture of "The Roll Call," the other "Una" (after Frost's picture from Spenser's "Faerie Queen"). Full band and chorus of 60. "Blue Beard" will be preceded (at seven) by the Comedietta A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS. Misses Rachel Sanger, Kathleen Irwin, Thérèse de Valery, G. R. Ireland, and George Barrett. Box plan now open. A Morning Performance of "Blue Beard" to-day, Saturday, at two.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE ROYAL.—Manager, Mr.

JOHN BAUM.—Immense Success of Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON. Mesdames Kate Santley, Lennox Grey, Grace Armitage, and Julia Mathews; Messrs. H. Paulton, J. Rouse, W. M. Terrot, Swarbeck, W. Worboys, Clifton, Paul, Parry, and C. Heywood; Mlles. Pitteri, Pertoldi, Sidonie, and M. Dewinne. The increased Orchestra, conducted by Mons. G. Jacobi. The magnificent Dresses and Costumes designed by A. Thompson, Esq., and executed by Misses Fisher and S. May. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s. Box office open from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

ALHAMBRA.—Enthusiastic Reception of Miss

KATE SANTLEY on her Re-appearance as Dick in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

ALHAMBRA.—Gigantic Success of Miss JULIA

MATHEWS as Alice in Offenbach's Grand Opéra-Bouffe, WHITTINGTON.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.—

Sole Proprietors and responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. Every Evening at 8, LES PRES SAINT-GERVAIS, new Comic Opera in English, by Charles Lecocq. The original French Libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and P. H. Gille. Adapted by Robert Reece. The piece produced under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston. Conductor, Mr. F. Stanislaus. Principal Artists: Mme. Pauline Rita, Camille Dubois, Lilian Adair, Florence Hunter, Emily Thorne; Messrs. A. Brennar, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, Loredan, and Perrini. The Opera commences at 8 and terminates at 11. Box-office open from 10 till 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor and

Manager, Miss MARIE LITTON.—Every Evening at 7.30, DREADFULLY ALARMING. Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8, MAGGIE'S SITUATION. Miss Litton, Mrs. Chippendale; and Messrs. E. Bruce and Clifford Cooper. To conclude with, at 9, BRIGHTON. Miss Litton, Mesdames Edith Challis, Rose Egan, Phoebe Don, and Mrs. Chippendale; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Messrs. Edgar Bruce, W. J. Hill, Clifford Cooper, C. Steyne, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. Charles Walter.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—Sole

Responsible Manager, W. HOLLAND (the People's Caterer).—Every Evening, at 7.0, THE SECRET. To be followed, at 7.45, by the Grand Pantomime, by FRANK W. GREEN, entitled, THE FORTY THIEVES AND THE COURT BARBER, surpassing even the great triumph of last year. Gorgeous scenery by Grieve and Son; Mise-en-Scene, Grand Ballets, Productions, &c., by L. Espinosa. Music selected and arranged by the musical director, Sidney Davis. Wonderful Payne Family (W. H. Payne, Fred Payne, and Harry Payne), Miss Nelly Moon, Mlle. Annette Scasi, Susie Vaughan, Misses Celine Wallace, Rose Mandeville, Lizzie Mordaunt, Katie Russell, Kate Walsingham, and Fanny Johnstone; Principal Dancers, the Sisters Elliott; W. B. Fair, H. Nicholls, Fred Shepherd, W. Stacey, Brothers Elliott, Turle Jones, C. Allbrook, J. Reeves, and Forty Lovely Thieves. Clown, the Inimitable Harry Payne; Harlequin, George Vokes; Columbine, Jennie Ashton; Return of Miss Nelly Moon, after her late serious illness, as Captain of the Forty Thieves. Prices of Admission: Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s.; Reserved Dress Circle (front), 3s.; Stalls (easy chairs), 5s.; Private Boxes, £1 1s. £2 2s., or £3 3s. Places booked at any time in advance at the Theatre, or any City or West-end Libraries. In consequence of the enormous success of the Morning Performance on Saturday last, it will be repeated every Saturday morning at 1.30 till further notice. Half-price for children to all parts.—Treasurer, Charles Holland. Secretary, T. B. Warne.

GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor,

MR. GEORGE CONQUEST.—"Good wine needs no bush."—THIS EVENING, at 7, to commence with the Grand Pantomime of SNIP, SNAP, SNORUM; or, HARLEQUIN BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES. Mr. George Conquest (who will introduce his wonderful phantom flight), assisted by George Conquest, jun., Messrs. Campbell, A. Williams, Grant, Osmond, Inch, Misses Delamonte, Cooke, Lizzie Conquest, Victor, Denvil Inch, and Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Corps de Ballet. Private Boxes can be booked at all the Libraries.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager,

F. B. CHATTERTON.

COSPATRICK FUND.

Mr. S. HAYES (of the West End Box-office, Cramer and Co.'s, 199, Regent Street) begs to announce a GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE in aid of the above fund, On SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

The Performance will commence at 2, with Sheridan Knowles' Play of the HUNCHBACK.

Julia	Miss ALLEYNE
Helen	Miss ERSKINE
Master Walter	Mr. RYDER
Sir Thomas Clifford	Mr. W. TERRISS
Lord Tinsel	Mr. SHAW
Master Wilford	Mr. S. B. BLYTHE
Modus	Mr. A. NELSON

By permission of J. Hollingshead, Esq.

Master Heartwell	Mr. BRUTON ROBINS
Gaylove	Mr. GARDINER
Fathom	Mr. R. CATCHART
Thomas	Mr. G. STANTON
Simpson	Mr. LACY
Waiter	Mr. SKELTON

To conclude with a GRAND CONCERT.

The following distinguished Artists have volunteered their services:
Miss BLANCHE COLE, Miss VIOLET GRANVILLE.
Signor DANIELI, Signor ROCCA.
Solo Harmonium (Mustel)

Mr. AUGUSTUS L. TAMPLIN.
Conductors, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPPE.
Gallery, 6d. Amphitheatre, 1s. Pit, 2s. Upper Boxes, 3s. Dress Circle, 5s. Orchestra Stalls, 10s. 6d. Private Boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 1.30. Commence at 2 o'clock.
Places may be secured at the Box-office; S. HAYES, 199, Regent Street; and the principal Libraries.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—On SATURDAY NEXT

will be produced, at 9.0 p.m., Offenbach's Opera, LA PERICHOLE: Madame Selma Dolaro, Mesdames Verner, Leblanc, and Lassalle; Messrs. Fred Sullivan, C. W. Norton, C. Campbell, C. Killeber, and Walter Fisher. Preceded by, at 8 o'clock, a drama, in one act, adapted from the French by Mr. Campbell Clarke, entitled AWAKING; Mr. Lin Rayne, W. H. Stephens, and Miss Bessie Hollingshead. Seats may be secured at the libraries and at the box-office of the theatre, open daily from 11 to 5, under the direction of Mr. J. W. Curran.—Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyley Carte; Stage Directress, Madame Selma Dolaro.

PHILHARMONIC.—This Evening (SATURDAY).

Balfe's Opera of THE BOHEMIAN GIRL will be produced. Powerful cast. Increased Band and Chorus. Thaddeus, Mr. Nordblom; Count Arnheim, Mr. Rosenthal; Devilshoof, Mr. Marler; Arline, Miss Munroe; Gipsy Queen, Mlle. Manetti. Private Boxes at the Libraries.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the best Pantomime ever produced. Every Evening at 7. Morning performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, to which children, under ten, half price.

BRITANNIA, THE GREAT THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—The favourite of the Million—the Britannia Pantomime! The best Pantomimists in London. At quarter before Seven, THE BLACK STAGUE; or, THE ENCHANTED PILLS AND THE MAGIC APPLE TREE. Mrs. S. LANE and Mr. G. H. MACDERMOTT; Messrs. Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Holland; Mlles. J. Summers, P. Randall, L. Rayner, Fanny Lupino. The Great LUPINO TROUPE OF PANTOMIMISTS (10 in number). JUVENILE HARLEQUINADE. With THE RED MAN'S RIFLE. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Newbound, &c.; Miss M. Bellair.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.—Three minutes from

Edgware Road Station.—The best Pantomime, gorgeous Transformation Scene ever witnessed, *vide* Press. LITTLE BOY BLUE COME BLOW YOUR HORN; or, THE FAIRIES WHO FOUND HIM ASLEEP IN THE CORN. Introducing Mr. J. A. Cave, Miss Weatherburn, H. Paulo, and C. Wilford; Miss F. Mortimer, Miss Burette, and Treble Troupe of Pantomimists. Every Evening at 7. Gallery, 4d.; Pit, 6d.; Boxes, 1s. Over in time for early trains.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.

GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 2nd,

TUESDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 2nd,

on the occasion of

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S

TENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT.

The Programmes upon both occasions will be of a most brilliant character.

THE MUSICAL PORTION

will contain important additions to the recently introduced New and very Popular Songs, Ballads, Madrigals, Glees, &c.

AN ENTIRELY NEW SELECTION

from Offenbach's most successful and melodious Opera Bouffe,

"LES BRIGANDS"

(by kind permission of Messrs. Boosey, of Regent Street),

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

will also give a

CONCERT IN WHITE FACES,

in addition to their usual Entertainment.

The following Eminent Artists will all appear at the

DAY PERFORMANCE:—

Miss ANGELA CLAUDE,

Mr. EDWARD TERRY,

Mons. MARIUS,

Mr. HARRY COX,

Mr. S. FITZGERALD,

Conductor of the Royal Strand Theatre

(with the kind sanction of Mrs. Swanborough),

Miss MARIE DE GREY,

of the Royal Court Theatre,

Miss ELLA CHAPMAN

the charming American Comedienne,

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH,

the eminent Comedian,

(by kind permission of Alex. Henderson, Esq.);

Miss KATE VAUGHAN,

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Princess's

(by permission of F. B. Chatterton, Esq.);

Miss RUSSELL,

Prima Donna, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

Miss BELLA MOORE

(Mrs. Fred. Vokes)

(by kind permission of F. B. Chatterton, Esq.);

The Great American Protean,

Mr. JOHN MORRIS,

whose Marvellously Rapid Change of Character without leaving the

stage, and in full view of the audience, creates the most profound

astonishment:

Mr. CHEEVERS,

and

Mr. KENNEDY,

the Great American Comedians and Dancers, will also make their first

appearance at this Hall.

Fautenils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area and Upper Gal-

lery, 1s.

TICKETS FOR ALL PARTS OF THE HALL,

and Reserved Seats may be secured for both Day and Night Performances

at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9 a.m. till 10 p.m.; also of Chap-

pell and Co., New Bond Street; Mitchell's Royal Library; Bubbs and

Olivier's, Old Bond Street; Keith Prowse's, Cheapside; Stephen Hays's,

Regent Street; and S. Hays's, Royal Exchange.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE

(late ASTLEY'S).

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 2 and 7, commencing with SCENES in the ARENA by the great equestrian troupe, and terminating with a juvenile illustration of the Battle of Waterloo. The united press have pronounced ALADDIN and THE WONDERFUL LAMP; or, Harlequin and the Forty Thieves, or the Flying Horses of Lambeth, to be the greatest Pantomime ever produced. 700 people, horses, ponies, camels, dromedaries, Spanish oxen, buffaloes, and 11 trained elephants (including one white one, the only one of the kind ever seen in this country), all in one scene. This sight is not only great and gorgeous, but a perfect marvel in the hippodramatic art.—Private boxes, 1l. 10s. to 5l. 5s.; dress circle, 4s.; orchestra stalls, 2s. 6d.; boxes, 2s.; pit stalls, 2s.; upper circle, 1s. 6d.; pit, 1s.; gallery 6d.—Box-office open from 10 to 4 daily, under the direction of Mr. Drysdale.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyle Street,

Oxford Circus.

The Garden Party, a scene of enchantment, pronounced unanimously by the Press to be a most charming entertainment. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD. The incidents can be comprehended and admired by persons of all ages. The Proprietor urges the necessity of booking seats in advance to prevent disappointment.

Miniature Impersonations of Marshal M'Mahon, the Emperor of Germany, Count Bismarck, Garibaldi, John Bull, Napoleon I., and the Shah will visit the Garden Party at Hengler's Grand Cirque, EVERY MORNING and EVENING.

Mlle. FELIX will introduce her matchless POODLES at EVERY MORNING and EVENING ENTERTAINMENT. Extraordinary Skating by Mlle. Rosa, Messrs. French and Harris. Also Wooda Cook, the Great American Rider.

The wondrous Equestrian and Gymnastic Feats, and the gorgeous Pantomime, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, EVERY DAY at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Prices, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; children under 10 half price. Private Boxes, containing six chairs, 30s. Box-office open, at the Cirque, from 10 till 4. Post-office Orders and cheques made payable to Charles Hengler.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CALENDAR for Week ending

FEBRUARY 6th, 1875.

MONDAY, Feb. 1, to FRIDAY, Feb. 5.—Pantomime, Cinderella, by E. L. Blanchard, Esq. Scenery by Mr. F. Panton and Mr. H. Emden. Transformation, a Fairy's Wedding by Mr. Charles Brew. Characters by the Payne Family, Miss Caroline Parkes, Misses Emmeline Cole, Alice Mansfield, A. Thirwall, Mrs. Aynsley Cook, the Misses Elliot, Mlle. Esta, etc.

SATURDAY, Feb. 6.—Fifteenth Concert.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY, One Shilling; SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, BAKER-

STREET.—NOW ADDED, PORTRAIT MODELS OF LADY JANE GREY, the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, the Czar of Russia, Sir Garnet Wolseley, the three Judges in the Tichborne Trial, Dr. Kenealy, the Claimant, the Shah of Persia, Marshal MacMahon, and the late Mr. Charles Dickens.—Admission, 1s.; children under twelve, 6d.; Extra Rooms, 6d.—Open from ten a.m. till ten p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—

OPEN DAILY (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d.—Among the most recent additions are two Burchell's Bustards (*Enopodotis kori*) from Natal.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—TWELFTH WEEK OF

THE NEW SEANCE. EVERY DAY at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY. Admission from 5s. to 1s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, and seats can be booked at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, and all Agents.

MASKELYNE & COOKE.—NEW DRAWING-

ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL.—W. MORTON, Manager.—Twice Daily, at Three and Eight. *The Times* of November 12th, 1874, says:—"Many people, no doubt, believe in the medium, but more, we expect, in Maskelyne and Cooke. The former cheats us, telling us that it is all real and true, whereas, if we cannot believe, we wax angry. The latter cheats us, tricks us out of our senses, fools us to the top of our bent, telling us all the time that he is doing that and nothing else, and at this we are pleased, and, leaving, tell our friends to go and be pleased likewise. That they do go and are pleased we have abundant evidence in the length of time it has seemed good for Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to stay in the same place, and this, too, we hold to be good proof that it must be as pleasant for these gentlemen to cheat us as it apparently is for us to be cheated. Everybody, sceptic or believer, should go at once to the Egyptian Hall."

MISS KATE SANTLEY as DICK WHITTINGTON,

ROYAL ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Every Evening.

MR. F. H. BELLEW, the New Baritone, pupil of Mr.

C. J. Bishenden, the celebrated bass, will shortly make his FIRST APPEARANCE in OPERA-BOUFFE in London.

BARRY SULLIVAN'S FAREWELL of England,

Scotland, and Ireland, previous to his return visit to America.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ABERDEEN, JANUARY 25, for

TWELVE NIGHTS.

Glasgow.

Greenock.

Sheffield.

Liverpool.

&c. &c. to follow.

Hanley.

Newcastle.

Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

MR. CHARLES ROBERTS

5, YORK ROAD, LAMBETH,

LONDON.

Established Twelve Years.

Musical Agent for Theatres, Music Halls, Café Chantants and Cirques,

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ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Correspondence in Four European Languages.

OFFICE HOURS 11 to 4.

Mr. Roberts has unequalled advantages in introducing premier provincial and genuine novelties to the leading English and Foreign managers, from whom he has instructions to engage talent of the best stamp for early or distant dates.

The Engagements of George Leybourne, Clarence Holt, Henri Clark, Fred Foster, Harvey and Connelly, Fred Albert, E. A. Hart, Pearson (Sussex Dwarf), Algar's Monstre Troupe, The Banwards, Minnie Rogers, Elsie and Sillo, Rogers and Leslie, Coyne, Harman and Elston, Milburn, The Randalls, Kate Bella, Sisters Lindon, Fox and Laura Sedgwick, Clara Fay's Fairy Troupe, The Quakers, The Richardsons, The Italian Choir, Tom Lucette, Prof. Beaumont, Stella de Vere, Seward Brothers, Matthews Family, Bryant's Marionettes, Edgar Wilson, Laura Fay, Estelle Troupe, Sybil Ray, Bessie Bonehill, Louie Rosalie, Misses Creswick and Venn, Annie Wildey, Elise Vibart, Little Lizzie Cote, Saphirini, Sidney Stevens, Dick Geldard, Harry Dales, Mande Beverley, Lizzie Barrett, Fred Roberts, Storelli, Albert West, Flora Plimsoll, Coda Dashwood, Mlle. Esther Austin's Great Troupe, Nelly Estelle and Milly Howes, Conpar, Quilter and Goldrick, The Guidas and Neviers Skaters, Harvey Trio, De Voy, Le Clerq, and Hearne, Sam Torr, Mons. Bonvini and Mlle. Lanzani, and fifty other favourites,

Are made by this Agency.

CHARLES ROBERTS' STAR LOUNGE CORNER CLUB ROOMS,

55, WATERLOO ROAD.

Notice.—No Booking Fees.

OPERA-BOUFFE.—

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing Cross.

WINES WITHOUT PLASTER.

RAILWAYS.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
NOTICE.

On and after FRIDAY, January 1, 1875, the FIRST AND SECOND CLASS FARES between London, Bedford, Northampton, and towns in the Eastern District of the Company's System, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, and CARLISLE, will be REDUCED.

The First and Second Class Fares between England and Scotland will be revised and reduced, and return tickets of all classes will be available for one month.

Through booking of second-class passenger traffic between Midland and London and North-Western Companies will be discontinued.

Return tickets, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd classes, with the exceptions named below, will be generally available between all stations for distances up to and including 50 miles for seven days, and above that distance for one month. This will be extended to through booking arrangements with the North Staffordshire, Cambrian, Furness, Great Northern, and Great Eastern Railway Companies.

The stations excepted are between London, Oxford, Banbury, Leamington, Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Wolverhampton, Shrewsbury, Chester, Birkenhead, the Shrewsbury and South Wales district, and by the Company's Trains running over the North London and Metropolitan District Railways.

Third-class passengers will be carried by the same trains as at present.

A revised scale of season-tickets for corn, coal, and cattle dealers will be issued.

Reserved first-class compartments, and the use of family carriages and sleeping saloons, may be obtained on application to the company's district superintendents at Euston Station (London), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Lancaster, Shrewsbury, Abergavenny, and Swansea; or to the Chief Passenger Superintendent, Euston Station.

By order, GEORGE FINDLAY.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office, Euston Station,
London, 29th December, 1874.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.

—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and London Bridge 12.0 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—1st class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT,
London Bridge Terminus. General Manager.

NOTICE.

J. C. CORDING & Co., WATERPROOFERS
(ESTABLISHED 1839),

HAVE REMOVED FROM 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR,
TO 19, PICCADILLY, CORNER OF AIR STREET.

CAUTION.

THEY HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE.

ORIGINAL MAKER OF THE

VENTILATED COATS,
THE IDSTONE BOOTS

(Registered), and other specialties.

From *Field*, Jan. 30:—"As regards manufacture, that calls for no criticism. J. C. Cording and Co. have been too long before the public to fail in that respect."

19, PICCADILLY (corner of Air Street).

FOR ALL SPORTING BOOTS

APPLY TO

FAGG BROTHERS,

29, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.

In their Boots Corns and Bunions cannot exist.

See quotations from daily letters to Fagg Brothers, Bootmakers,
29, Haymarket, London.

"I enclose cheque for your bill, and must ask you to keep the lasts which were used in making these boots, which fit to perfection. I have suffered so much that I cannot resist thanking you for the comfort I derive from your skill and attention.—J. T., April 23, 1874."

OLD GLENLIVAT WHISKY.

THE FINEST WHISKY THAT SCOTLAND PRODUCES.

19s. per GALLON.

42s. per Dozen, Bottles and Cases included.

Two and 3 dozen cases, and 4 to 6 gallon jars, carriage paid to any railway station in England. Jars charged 1s. 2d. per gallon; allowed for when returned.

GEO. BALLANTINE & SON,

WINE MERCHANTS,

100, UNION-STREET, GLASGOW.

23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON.

(THE OLD HOUSE.)

JOHNSTON'S

CORN FLOUR

IS THE BEST.

Ask for JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, and take no other.

Now Ready, Gratis and Post Free,

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OF

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

MISS ELEANOR BUFTON.

Was it Mr. Walter Lacy who, when the charming actress whose name is at the head of this notice brought an action against one of the railway companies, told his Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury that Miss Bufton's place in the profession was most distinguished, and her skill in the portrayal of important parts in the old comedies exceptional? We think it was. The testimony of the veteran actor weighed with that highly intelligent jury who awarded the fair plaintiff substantial damages. It is probable that a majority of the sagacious twelve had seen her enact one or other of the high comedy parts which Mr. Lacy had in his mind's eye, when he appeared in the box. At all events, both testimony and verdict were heartily endorsed by many a witness behind the footlights, and a vast jury of playgoers outside the court. Miss Bufton is a gifted and accomplished member of a school of actresses who, we regret to say, are less in request than they ought to be. We habitually look for her name by the side of Mrs. Stirling's. The highest of her manifold successes have been those in which only actresses as accomplished and—if we may be permitted the term—classical as Mrs. Stirling delightfully shared. Not that a 'Juno' realised by Miss Bufton is to be measured by the elastic standard ordinarily applied to the fashionable entertainment of the period. Given that we must have opéra-bouffe, as such bizarre "entertainment" is called, we may just as well have it done by thorough artists as not. It would not be easy to cast Miss Bufton for an unsuitable part. Always graceful and artistic, she is equally at home in realising the large qualities of one of Mr. Andrew Halliday's stately heroines, as she is in high comedy, farce, and burlesque, and it were well if we saw her in public more frequently.

She was born in Wales, and at a very early age made her debut as an actress. After a singularly brief probation, such was the promise which she manifested, she was engaged by the late Mr. Charles Kean to appear during the last two years of his management at the Princess's Theatre. Her first important success was in the character of 'Hermia' in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Subsequently she sustained, with rapidly increasing success, other Shakspearean characters, the most noteworthy being 'Ferdinand' in *The Tempest*. To the best of our knowledge this was the first time that the character had been played by a lady. On the termination of Mr. Kean's management, Miss Bufton was engaged at the Strand Theatre, where she remained for several consecutive seasons, and created a number of original parts, with which her name has since been inseparably associated. She has also appeared at most of the principal West-end theatres, notably at the St. James's, when that establishment of varied fortunes made for itself a name honourable in the dramatic annals of the metropolis by the production of a series of the old comedies. Miss Bufton has, on several occasions had the distinguished honour of appearing at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort. Some two or three years since she met with a serious railway accident, which led to the action against the railway company alluded to at the commencement of this notice. For eighteen months the stage was deprived of her valuable services, but we have seen recently that, whether or not her health is what it was prior to that unfortunate interruption, her power to charm an audience is in no wise impaired. The selection of a character-portrait from the multitude which have from time to time been taken proved so difficult a task, we have chosen to escape from the dilemma by representing her as, simply—Miss Bufton. For this portrait we are indebted to Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, of 230, Regent Street.

MISS EMILY FOWLER.

In the course of a brief dramatic career this lady has achieved several distinctly artistic successes, the least remarkable of which was full of promise, whilst the most meritorious placed her fairly amongst the most capable of the younger actresses of the day. We recall with great pleasure the 'Lady Clancarty' of Miss Ada Cavendish, but in doing so it is impossible to forget Miss Emily Fowler's entirely admirable realisation of the part of 'Lady Betty Noel.' It is true that the ladies are linked together somewhat closely in the story told by the dramatist, but it is less on such account than by reason of the delightful freshness and vivacity of Miss Fowler's creation that we bring it to mind. The play itself was skillfully put together. It was not what our American friends would term a one-horse affair. We were in turn moved by the bravery and gallant bearing of 'Lord Clancarty,' the touching devotion of his persecuted lady, the treachery and miserable appeals for mercy of 'Scum Goodman,' and the naïve ways and warm-hearted expressions of madcap 'Lady Betty Noel.' In so far as she adequately filled the part which Mr. Tom Taylor had drawn for her in *Clancarty* Miss Fowler is honestly entitled to a large share of the credit which conjointly belongs to the four "leaders" whom we have named. As with the last new drama produced by Mr. Neville, so with that which yet continues to draw crowds to the Olympic. Miss Fowler's portrayal of the part of the blind girl in the *Two Orphans* may be set down, not only as another success, but, in some important respects, as an advance on her 'Lady Betty Noel.' She has the art of making her pathos appear as unaffectedly natural as her merriment. Miss Fowler was educated in France and Germany, and has appeared on the stage in both those countries, having been brought out as a dancer by Espinosa. When she was fifteen years of age she came to England and obtained her first engagement from Miss Oliver, and forthwith appeared—it is almost unnecessary to say—at the Royalty in *Black-Eyed Susan*. Miss Fowler's first success was in Mr. Burnand's *Humbug*, and it was doubtless owing to her having made this hit that she was engaged by Mr. Hollingshead to play at the Gaiety, at which theatre she duly appeared in *Robert the Devil* and other pieces. She had another triumph in *Not so bad after all*, at the Charing Cross, whither she had gone—if we recollect aright, as manageress—on leaving the Gaiety. After the season closed there Miss Fowler's name was missing from "the bills" for some time; intermittent appearances at the Court and

the Globe (not forgetting a special performance at the Opera Comique when she played a part in French) excepted. Miss Fowler's efforts at the Olympic, under Mr. Neville's management we have dealt with. For the information of those who have not seen the subject of this notice, we may add that the portrait which we gave last week did her an injustice in so far as it was a truthful representation of the blind girl in *The Two Orphans*.

The Drama.

PROSPERITY still reigns at all the theatres with scarcely an exception, and the few changes that have taken place during the week have been unimportant. On Saturday last in addition to the day performances of the pantomimes at the theatres, where they are regularly given, Mr. Holland, taking advantage of the resumption of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which left the Payne family free to perform for him, gave the first day representation of his brilliant pantomime, and with such success that he repeats the experiment to-day. *Our American Cousin* was given at the Haymarket, *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and at the Gaiety *matinée* Goldsmith's famous comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, was represented with an effective cast, and drew a very full audience. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were the young 'Marlow' and 'Miss Harcastle,' in which they have frequently appeared at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Furtado (Mrs. John Clarke) was 'Miss Neville,' and Mr. Maclean an excellent 'Harcastle,' but the chief interest lay in the first appearance of Mr. Arthur Cecil as 'Tony Lumpkin,' a character greatly out of his line, and which has to a great extent become identified with the broadly humorous actors Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. J. S. Clarke, and Mr. Compton. Although deficient in breadth, and the rollicking fun imparted to the impersonation by these artists, Mr. Cecil's 'Tony Lumpkin' was a well-studied and careful performance, in some respects excellent, but too refined in style. The comedy will be repeated at the *matinée* to-day, with the same cast.

A morning performance also took place at the Vaudeville on Saturday, when Mr. G. R. Douglas's little play, *Stage-land*, which was so favourably received on its production here about three weeks ago, was repeated with almost the same cast as before, and its sterling merits were again deservedly and fully appreciated. The comedy was supplemented by a lively and rattling little original farce entitled *While it's to be had*, in which Mr. Collette, of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, whose excellent and artistic impersonation of the profoundly prosy 'Platitude Potter, M.P.,' was a conspicuous feature of the comedy, again greatly distinguished himself, and displayed his versatility in his amusing embodiment of a character of a totally opposite type—that of Mr. Plantagenet Smith a self-possessed and bombastic adventurer of the Jeremy Diddler genus. He sings a patter song with singular spirit and dash, accompanying himself on the banjo, and produced roars of laughter by his clever burlesques of a scientific lecturer and a Cheap Jack. At the regular performances at this house the farce of *A Whirligig* has replaced *Cupboard Love* as the *lever de rideau* during the week.

The revival of Byron's *Lancashire Lass* at the Princess's, announced for Saturday, was postponed at least for the present, so *Lost in London* has continued in the bills during the week, and, with the pantomime, still continues to draw full houses. *The Lady of Lyons*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Claude Melnotte' and 'Pauline,' is also doing well at the Opera Comique, and justifies Mr. Hollingshead's managerial enterprise. It is not unlikely that he will also revive at that house *She Stoops to Conquer*, when Lord Lytton's play lessens in its attractiveness; and afterwards *As You Like It*, which is to be represented at the next two Gaiety *matinées*.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. German Reed produced a new "first part" to their entertainment, at St. George's Hall, in the form of a quaintly-conceived and wittily-written sketch, by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, music by Mr. German Reed, and entitled *The Ancient Britons*, a notice of which will be found in another column; and Mr. Maddison Morton's new comedieta, *Maggie's Situation*, the production of which, at the Court Theatre a fortnight since, had to be postponed through the illness of Mrs. Chippendale, was brought out on Wednesday evening, and shall be noticed next week—as well as the performances of a new troupe of vocalists, who commenced a series of concerts under the title of "Lyric Eccentricities," at the Hall adjoining Hengler's Cirque, on Thursday evening.

Last night *Our American Cousin* reached its hundredth representation, at the Haymarket, this season, and was played for the last time at the night performances. It will, however, continue to be represented at the day performances, every Saturday until further notice. To-night, the programme will undergo an entire change, and comprise a new comedieta entitled *A Fair Encounter*, by Mr. C. M. Rae, followed by a revival of the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Home*, in which Mr. Sothern will sustain his original part of 'Colonel White,' Mr. Lytton Sothern make his first appearance in London, as 'Bertie,' and Miss Ada Ward (specially engaged) is in the cast; to conclude with *The Serious Family*, with Mr. Buckstone as 'Amanadab Sleek.' Another novelty is fixed for to-night, in the opening of the Royalty Theatre, under the direction of Madame Selina Dolaro. The inaugural programme will comprise the drama, *Awakening*, adapted from the French by Mr. Campbell Clarke, in which Mr. Lin Rayne will sustain the part originally played by Mr. Clayton, when the piece was first produced. Mr. W. H. Stephens and Miss Bessie Hollingshead will also appear in it. This will be followed by Offenbach's opera *La Perichole*, supported in the principal rôles by Madame Selina Dolaro, Mesdames Verner, Leblanc, and Lassalle, and Messrs. Fred Sullivan, C. W. Norton, Campbell, Walter Fisher, &c. *La Fille de Madame Angot* was represented for the last time at the Philharmonic last night, and will be replaced to-night by *The Bohemian Girl*, with Miss Munroe as 'Arlene,' Mdle. Manetti as 'The Gipsy Queen,' Mr. Nordblom as 'Thaddeus,' Mr. Rosenthal as 'Count Arnheim,' and Mr. Marler as 'Devilshoof.'

To-day, in addition to the usual morning performances of the pantomimes, &c. at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sanger's (Astley's), The Royal Standard, Hengler's, &c., there will also be a day representation of the *Forty Thieves* at the Surrey. *She Stoops to Conquer* will be repeated at the Gaiety *matinée* with the same cast as last Saturday. *Our American Cousin* will be represented at the Haymarket. *Blue Beard* at the Globe, and the Comus Dramatic Club give a performance at St. James's Hall in aid of the *Cospatrick Relief Fund*, the chief attraction at which will be the celebrated drama of *Plot and Passion*, in which Mrs. Hermann Vezin will sustain the part of 'Madame de Fontanges.'

La Fille de Madame Angot will give place at the Philharmonic to-night to Balle's *Bohemian Girl*, which will be produced with augmented band and chorus. Miss Munroe will sustain the rôle of 'Arlene,' Mdle. Manetti that of the 'Gipsy Queen,' Mr. Nordblom 'Thaddeus,' Mr. Rosenthal 'Count Arnheim,' and Mr. Marler 'Devilshoof.'



MRS. HOWARD PAUL'S ENTERTAINMENT AT WESTBOURNE HALL.



SCENE FROM M. THEODORE BARRIÈRE'S COMEDY, "LE CHEMIN DE DAMAS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, PARIS.



MR. PHELPS AS 'SIR JOHN FALSTAFF' IN "THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

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Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.
Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The Saturday concert given on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace was full of interest. The principal instrumental feature of the selection was Sir Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor (Op. 43), the only work of the kind which has thus far been given to the world by our English Mendelssohn, excepting another in the same key, composed in 1834, and withdrawn by its author after its production at one of the earlier concerts of the Society of British Musicians. The Symphony performed last Saturday was originally composed for the Philharmonic Society of London, and was produced at the Philharmonic Concert of the 27th of June, 1864. At that time it consisted of three movements only. The exquisite "Romanza," which now forms the fourth movement, was a bright afterthought, and was introduced at the performance given July, 1867, by the Philharmonic Society. The first movement, an "Allegro Moderato," opens with an original and striking phrase for the violins, which frequently recurs in the course of the movement. This is soon succeeded by a short "second subject," which is felicitously employed in the final working out, the melody being given to the wind instruments, with *pizzicato* accompaniment of the strings. Other themes which occur in the movement are reproduced in combination with the opening violin phrase, and the ingenuity with which they are blended is productive of the happiest results. The second movement, a "Minuetto," follows the "Allegro" without a break. It has hardly the strong accent which is usually to be found in minuets, but is full of melody; and the "Trio," played by the brass instruments only, is brisk and effective. The gem of the work is, however, the fourth movement, a "Romanza," which is well described by Mr. Grove as a "song without words." This is sung by the violas, with a triplet accompaniment by the rest of the orchestra; and the happiest effect is produced by the beauty of the melody, and the elegance of the orchestral treatment. A short "Intermezzo" leads to the last movement,—"a Rondo Finale" in *presto* time,—which is full of playfulness and elegance, and partakes no little of the style of Mendelssohn. The Symphony, although not to be placed in the same rank with the great works of Beethoven or of Mendelssohn, is a charming and original production; and it is to be regretted that it has not been followed by other works of the same kind from the pen of its gifted author. It was well played, and elicited hearty applause. The concert commenced with the overture to Cherubini's opera *Les Deux Journées*, and concluded with the great "No. 3" overture to *Leonora*, by Beethoven. These two overtures,—written in strongly contrasted styles,—are equally to be admired, as among the finest examples of orchestral preludes. They have seldom been better played than on this occasion.

Herr Wilhelmj, the violinist, on this occasion, made his first appearance at these concerts since the year 1866. Since that time he has made a great career on the Continent, and is now one of the finest violinists living. His solos on Saturday were the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn (written originally for the celebrated David), an air by Sebastian Bach, and a Nocturne by Chopin, both arranged for the violin by Herr Wilhelmj, who has composed music in various styles; and is not only a great performer, but also a sound musician. His success on Saturday last was brilliant. Such playing has not been heard here for a long time. His bowing is admirable, and he executes with certainty and ease the most difficult passages;—but the speciality of his performance is the wonderful power and richness of his tone. In executive dexterity he may be equalled;—but, since the best days of Ernst, no violin player has produced such a volume of tone from end to end of the scale. When he plays on the fourth string, the tone is like that of a violoncello; this resonance is preserved to the highest notes, and is even maintained when harmonics are introduced. His *pianissimo* playing in the lovely melody of the *Andante* was as exquisite as his volume of tone in other places was remarkable; and his "double-stopping" could not be surpassed;—scales of double notes being played by him with apparently as much ease as ordinary single-note scales. It is not however on his great executive powers alone that Herr Wilhelmj's fame will rest. He has now the "divine fire" which was only partially displayed when he first played in England at the age of 21. At that time he made a great sensation by his fine tone and executive power, but he was thought to be somewhat "cold." No such defect is visible now. His playing in the *Andante* was pathetic and impassioned, and in the brilliant *finale* was full of energy and fire. The succeeding transcriptions from Bach and Chopin were splendidly played; and in obedience to a persistent encore Herr Wilhelmj gave a violin arrangement of the *Larghetto* from Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in B minor; which was followed by enthusiastic applause.

The vocalists were Mdlle. Johanna Levier, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Mdlle. Levier was not in her best voice, and was rather coldly received in her song from the *Zauberflöte*, but succeeded better in Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and in Schumann's graceful little song, "The Nut Tree." Her voice is of beautiful quality in the higher registers, and she sings with good taste and expression. The great tenor was in excellent voice, and sang in faultless style the tenor air "Refrain Thy Voice" (from Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*), and Schubert's exquisite "Ave Maria." Mr. Manns conducted with great ability, and the concert was thoroughly delightful. At this day's concert the *Mass in C*, by Beethoven, will be performed.

THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evenings, continue to attract crowded audiences. Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Stirling, Mrs. Osborne Williams, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Sims Reeves, and the London Vocal Union are excellent interpreters of the old and new ballads which form the programmes, and these entertainments are equally interesting to musicians and amateurs.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS show no diminution either of quality or popularity. The programme of last Monday's concert was well selected, so far as the instrumental music was concerned, including Haydn's Quartett in G major, Op. 54 (No. 2); Beethoven's pianoforte Sonata in D major, Op. 10 (No. 3); a delightful novelty in a Trio (in G minor) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello by Chopin; and Mozart's Sonata in G major (No. 11) for pianoforte and violin. With Mdlle. Marie Krebs (pianist), Madame Néruda (1st violin), Mr. Ries (2nd violin), Mr. Zerbini (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello), as executants, the best interpretation was secured. Miss Sterling was given two songs in Part I., and three songs (grouped together) in Part II.,—a system which may be pushed to excess.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS are now given twice in each week, and the change has proved beneficial; not only as regards attendance, but also in respect of execution. Time is now found for adequate rehearsals, and as the orchestra has been

strengthened by the addition of several distinguished orchestral players, the instrumental performances are almost all that could be desired; the only desideratum being additional strength in the violins. On Tuesday last the usual weekly oratorio performance was given, and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was selected; with Mdlles Levier, Poyntz and Sterling, MM. Fabbrini and Sims Reeves as principal vocalists, aided by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby. An interesting attraction was added in the organ performances of M. Guilmant, organist of La Trinité, Paris; and formerly of St. Nicholas, Boulogne-sur-mer. M. Guilmant is one of the greatest among modern organists, and his playing fully justifies his high reputation. A "Popular Ballad Concert" is announced for this afternoon, with Mdlles. Levier and Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Whitney, and Herr Wilhelmj, as chief attractions. A "Grand Orchestral Concert" is announced for Tuesday next.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY announce for Friday next, at Exeter Hall, Mozart's "Mass, No. 1," Spohr's "Christian's Prayer," and Mendelssohn's "Athalie," with Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Mr. Pearson, and other artists. The illustrative verses to "Athalie" will be recited by Mr. Ryder. For more than thirty years this society has been afraid to announce the performance of any mass as a "mass," and the word "service" has been used instead of the proper title. No one was deceived by this artifice, but it was doubtless supposed that the Protestant subscribers would have their consciences quieted thereby, just as Mussulmen, though forbidden to eat pork, will devour it greedily under the name of "veal." It is not very creditable to the courage or common sense of the directors that so weak a subterfuge should so long have been employed, and it is to be hoped that the step which they have taken may be the forerunner of other and more important reforms. In years gone by, when the Sacred Harmonic Society was far less prosperous than now, it used to produce original oratorios by contemporary composers. Why can it not do so now? It has done, and still does good service to art, by its model performances of classical masterpieces; but, unless it do more than this, it fails to fulfil its duty.

THE Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society (which has the advantage of a tolerably long appellation) will give its first concert of the season to-night, the performance having been postponed from Saturday last in order to suit the convenience of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh.

DR. VON BÜLOW is announced to play this afternoon at the Saturday Concert, St. James's Hall, and at the Monday Popular Concert on Monday next.

A "GRAND Military Festival" takes place this week at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, the instrumental music being executed by the orchestral and military bands of the Royal Artillery, under the able direction of Mr. Smyth, R.A. The vocalists announced for the concert of last evening were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Winn. To-day a morning concert and an evening concert will be given, at both of which the vocalists will be Miss Rose Hersee and Mr. Santley. The concert of this evening will be the last of the successful season of "military" concerts.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is not likely to sing this season at the Paris Grand Opera. She has next month to commence a concert tour, for which she has been engaged by Ullmann, and her physicians wish her to completely recruit her health in the meanwhile.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET, on Wednesday last, gave the first of three Pianoforte Recitals at St. George's Hall, assisted by Miss Spiller, M. Sauton, and M. Pague, with Herr Lehmeier as conductor.

HERR ERNST PAUER, one of our best pianists, will, next Friday, give, at the Crystal Palace, the first of six illustrated musical lectures, to be delivered on consecutive Fridays. These will be followed by a course of six lectures on "The Art and Science of Pianoforte Playing." The fee for each course is 15s., and such an opportunity should not escape the notice of professional and amateur students.

MRS. PATEY, who recently made a brilliant success in the contralto music of Handel's *Messiah* at Paris, is likely to be engaged for several oratorio performances at the Cirque de l'Impératrice.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE OPERA SEASON, which has generally lasted from April till September, is likely, this year, to be confined to the months of May, June, and July.

BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl* is announced for this evening at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington; 'Arlene,' Miss Monroe; 'Gipsy Queen,' Miss Manetti; 'Count Aruheim,' Mr. Rosenthal; and 'Thaddeus,' Mr. Nordblom, who made his first appearance in England in that character, during the season of the "National Opera Company," at St. James's Theatre, in the autumn of 1870.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON ROUZEAUD.

At the moment of going to press we have received the following interesting letter from one of the most intimate friends of the great Swedish prima donna:—

"PARIS, January 28, 1875.

"* * * You have heard of course of the opening of the Opera-house, and of the disappointment caused by Madame Nilsson's illness. Unfortunately she has been ill ever since. The doctors recommended that she should go to Cannes. Since she has been there the weather has been very unpleasant. There has been a continuation of the "mistral," which is very unhealthy. The residents and visitors of Cannes do all in their power to make her stay there agreeable. On her arrival she was serenaded by the band of the city. She is of course obliged to renounce pleasure parties, visiting, &c., &c. It is rather hard for one who enjoys society as Christine Nilsson does. There is no hope that she will be able to sing at the Grand Opera during the time named as the term of the engagement. She is engaged to M. Ullmann for a *tournee* in the French provinces, and was to commence the engagement at Brussels, before entering on the French tour. The Brussels performances, announced to commence February 12, are postponed; and negotiations are in progress with a view to the postponement of the entire *tournee* until next winter, in order that Madame Nilsson may give at least ten performances at the Paris Grand Opéra * * *"

THE SURREY THEATRE.

NEW "PROTEAN" BALLET.

THE dazzling brilliancy and spectacular splendour which already characterised the amusing pantomime of *The Forty Thieves*, produced with such elaborate care and lavish outlay by Mr. Holland at the Surrey, have been recently still greatly strengthened by the introduction of a new protean ballet or series of most picturesque and complicated evolutions, invented and designed by M. Espinosa, and executed by the "Forty lovely Thieves" in what is known as "The Cave Scene," whose walls and roof, supported by pillars of gold, are composed of glittering gems of every hue; here return the forty lovely thieves, arrayed as amazons in the brightest and daintiest of helmets, breast-plates, shields, &c., and wearing cloaks like Knights Templars, the cloaks of each section of eight being of different colours, white, red, black, dark blue, and green, which, in the complicated evolutions, and picturesque groupings now executed with marvellous precision, produce very striking and ever-varying effects in the constant harmonious blending of the different colours. These are soon far surpassed in the still more brilliant and pleasing combinations, when, by a graceful and almost imperceptible movement of each amazon, the cloaks suddenly become metamorphosed from the simple uniform colour, into striped mantles of the most gorgeous and brilliant colours. The evolutions and groupings are resumed, producing combinations of greater beauty, until by another imperceptible movement the cloaks are again changed to their original simple colours, and a picture of surpassing loveliness is produced by the final *tableau*. For gorgeous splendour, grace, and precision of elaborate evolutions, picturesque groupings, and kaleidoscopic effects of harmoniously blended colours in this protean ballet, nothing has been seen in London, since the celebrated review of the army of amazons in *Babil and Bijou*, at Covent Garden. This protean scene is nightly received with vociferous applause, and is of itself, independent of the grand fairy ballet, also designed by M. Espinosa; and the truly splendid transformation scene, well worth a pilgrimage to the Surrey Theatre. Miss Nelly Moon, we are glad to perceive, has sufficiently recovered from her severe illness, to have resumed her part of 'Abdallah,' the Captain of the Forty Thieves, since Tuesday. During her enforced absence, her place was most ably filled by Miss Susie Vaughan, who, like her sister Kate at the Princess's, has shown considerable cleverness as a pleasing singer and a vivacious and piquant actress, refined and adylike, as well as a graceful dancer.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT has supplied Mr. and Mrs. German Reed with a witty written sketch, entitled *The Ancient Britons*, which was produced as a new first part to their entertainment at St. George's Hall, on Monday evening, and with every indication of success. The sketch is supplementally designated, *A Very National Probability*, arranged for the year 5005, when England is supposed to be a wilderness, her cities heaps of ruins, and London, like Nineveh and Babylon, has long been numbered among the cities of the dead. Of regular plot there is none, but this is amply compensated for, by the continuous flow of amusing and good-natured satire, directed against the follies and weaknesses of the present day, which is the whole aim of the clever and smartly written sketch. The slight action there is, takes place on the now rural banks of the Thames, in an effective scene, admirably painted by Mr. John O'Connor, and representing the crumbling remains of the Embankment, with broken fragments, of some of the arches of Westminster Bridge in the centre, and in the background the majestic and ivy-covered ruins of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. Here arrives Baker, a Sir Samuel Baker of the period (Mr. Alfred Reed), an exploring traveller from the Fiji Islands, now become the great centre of civilisation, who visits "Britain" for the purpose of collecting information and materials for an antiquarian book on the manners, customs, &c., of the ancient Britons. After admiring the noble ruins, he refers to his guide-book, in which he reads many startling facts regarding the immediate locality,—amongst others, that here, in what were known as the Houses of Parliament, was kept in the reign of Victoria, a bear-garden, where certain of the inhabitants were wont to engage in an ancient and savage pastime, known among them as "politics." Also that the population in those days made frequent incursions on the neighbouring continent, under the leadership of a wild and marauding chief, named Cook. He further learns that the few tribes, who still exist in this uncivilised country, preserve the traditions, rites, customs, and even the costumes of their remote ancestors of the nineteenth century—while engaged noting these particulars, the adventurous traveller from the South Seas is surprised by the arrival of a party of natives bent upon the performance of the solemn and ancient British rite, traditionally known as a "pic-nic." These consist of Caractacus, an ancient British chieftain (Mr. Alfred Bishop); Boadicea, his wife, an ancient British matron (Mrs. German Reed); Imogen, her daughter, an ancient British maiden (Miss Leonora Braham); Nesta, an ancient British amazon, a friend of the family (Miss Fanny Holland); and Cassevelannus, an ancient British warrior—in fact, an hereditary horse-guard (Mr. Corney Grain), in the imposing uniform of the Blues of the present day; from these the inquiring traveller elicits innumerable other diverting and laughable facts for his book, how surnames no longer exist, having been absorbed by a tribe named Smith, and as ludicrously accounting for steam, railroads, electric telegraphs, the army, the national debt, the fine arts, &c., having become extinguished. Baker, in turn, enlightens the British savages on the wonders of civilisation existing in the Fiji Islands, and after several amusing episodes—first in the endeavour of Nesta to secure him as an eligible married man, with whom she may flirt platonically; next Imogen exercises her well-trained wiles to secure him as an eligible husband; and, finally, horrified at the ordeal in prospect, of being shown as the great foreign and literary lion of the season, the highly amusing sketch is brought to a somewhat abrupt termination by Baker inducing his intending persecutors to accompany him back and see for themselves the civilisation of Fiji. The little piece is admirably acted throughout, and its witty and pungent hits at many prevailing customs and manners were received with shouts of laughter. Mr. German Reed has composed some very tuneful music, conspicuous among which is Imogen's song, "Ah, pleasant 'tis to thread the dance," to a waltz-like and very flowing melody, so pleasantly and charmingly rendered by Miss Leonora Braham as to well merit an encore, which was gained and equally well deserved by Miss Fanny Holland for her expressive singing of a graceful ballad, "Know you not the old, old song." The sextette, "Who are you?" and the lullaby trio for the three ladies are well written and very pleasing. The musical fairy tale of *The Enchanted Piano*, so cleverly illustrated by the versatile Corney Grain, and Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett's very amusing dramatic difficulty, *The Three Tenants*, still continue in the programme.

STAGE HEROINES.

In a really splendid farce, originally written for Robson, by that prince of farce writers, John Maddison Morton, the chief character (lately, I hear, being very successfully played by Lord Dundreary's son) is a gay young man, with a weakness for never paying his tailor and drinking champagne, who goes to an evening party with a friend, after their sixth bottle of burgundy, is overcome by the effects of his favourite beverage, and falls asleep in an arm-chair, where he is discovered early on the following morning by the housemaid when she begins to dust her furniture. After a struggle with imaginary bed clothes, he wakes up with a start, and soliloquises as follows:—

"No, it isn't a nightmare! I'm not at home—this isn't my room—this isn't my bed—this isn't a bed at all—then where am I? I know that's not an original expression, far from it. I've heard it often—on the stage especially—it generally happens thus. The heroine faints away in her own apartment, comes to again in less than half a minute, and, staring intently at her own chairs and tables, exclaims—'Where am I?' I don't know why she should, but she does," &c.

I need quote no more: this is sufficient to introduce my subject. It is a matter for curious speculation how often that feminine weakness, *fainting*, is used for the purposes of dramatic effect. I can remember a host of plays with what I call a "swooning tableau" to bring down the curtain. It is astonishing how these heroines bear the most fearful shocks with comparative calmness, sometimes retorting with considerable energy in such phrases as "Unhand me, Sir;" "Tis false"—an effective point, attributed by 'Dr. Pangloss, LL.D., A.S.S.' to Nicholas Rowe; "Approach me not;" "I scorn thy cowardly threats," and that terrible effect when, raising an unsheathed dagger to the flies, she screams—"Vengeance may yet be mine;" but they always kindly faint at the end of the act to enable the prompter to "ring down" with due effect.

I remember once hearing a heroine in a melodrama get into a lamentable confusion over the use of *thou* and *you*, giving vent to phrases of undeniable vigour and originality, as who should say: "Get you gone, *thou* mean man." I believe the author was the responsible party. There are, however, three plays which come to my mind as having really natural and powerful fainting effects. The splendid situation terminating the first act of Wilkie Collins's *New Magdalen*. (How splendidly Ada Cavendish falls, and what a splendid actress she would be if she could conceal her art better; be less stagey, less frisky, and refrain from measuring her words so unnaturally: nothing is so foreign to real elocution, or so thoroughly inartistic, as that measured monotone. In the lighter scenes she is perfection.) The great effect in the ball-room scene of the late Mr. Watts Phillips' sound and powerful drama, now running at the Princess's, *Lost in London*. (By his death, dramatic literature has sustained a real loss; for I think there is no living playwright, Dion Boucicault excepted, who so well knows the value of a powerful situation, and, what is better, knows so well where to stop.) And a good effect in a charming little drama, written by J. Palgrave Simpson, for Mdlle. Beatrice, too little known in London, called *Broken Ties*. It is a better piece than all the melodramatic French plays she has in her repertoire, with their false sentiment and unnatural motives. These—"Mercy Merrick," "Nelly," and "La Sylvia"—are good stage heroines; quite different to the moaning, screaming, heaven-petitioning heroines of the old melodrama. Thank goodness, they are things of the past. How much have not melodrama and burlesque to answer for! The one spoils and perverts real talent, and makes nobodies of those who might be real actors; and the other pushes on to the stage a number of amateurs and dummies, and professes to make actors and actresses of mere nobodies. Neither art nor talent is required to stride, and mouth, and "ha, ha," draw swords, dash down purses of money, and take the stage in more senses than the technical one; or to scream and point a dagger to the flies. No art is required to be vulgar, to stand on your head and indulge in buffoonery, or to kick up your heels and wear nothing. But let us pass from those soulless, unnatural beings to the consideration of some of those dear, delicious, homely heroines of modern comedy and drama, and their best known representatives.

Among the first of the powerfully dramatic and yet natural heroines, we must place noble 'Mercy Merrick,' with her charming representative: who I hope will take the above critical remarks in a kindly spirit; she will learn their truth sooner or later; if she be not spoiled by flattery.

I know one young provincial actress, whom I have seen in some various parts, and who, I think, once played 'Grace Roseberry' to Miss Cavendish, in the provinces; and though she evidently has talent in her, yet she is ruining herself by this false idea of giving dignity to a dramatic speech by measuring out her words, as if her tongue were the pendulum of an internal metronome, set *moderato*.

I shall now speak of that ill-used, misunderstood, terribly pathetic, interesting, and passionate little creature, 'Frou-Frou.' It is a good character and a good subject; certainly spoilt by the brilliant French dramatists, and, consequently, not a good play from a natural point of view. Do the authors imagine for a moment that we are going to pity or be interested in that "prig" of a fellow, 'Henri Sartoris'? He may be natural, we believe he is; but why should we be asked to pity a man who treats his wife with a patronising condescension that is almost insulting; who separates himself from her in everything, though he allows her to do as she likes? He cannot love; he is the victim of an infatuation. Love can never separate itself from the object of its affection. In fact, 'Sartoris' and 'Frou-Frou' are about as ill-assorted a couple as could be. 'Frou-Frou' never loved 'Sartoris.' If a man like 'Sartoris' chooses, under such circumstances, to marry a girl like 'Frou-Frou,' the least he can do is to reconcile himself to his mistake, adapt himself to his wife, and remain her husband in something more than name. But 'Sartoris' is an egotistical dolt, or he would have discovered the love of 'Louise,' and would never have blindly married a woman who did not love him, and who was entirely opposed to him in disposition and tastes. As it is, he not only figuratively, as Mr. Honeyton complains, "cuts his wife dead in her own house;" but, what is worse, takes up with her sister, in an insulting manner, before her face. I have no doubt I shall be considered terribly immoral for saying it, but for the life of me I cannot help thinking that poor 'Frou-Frou' is more sinned against than sinning. You can't turn a woman of pleasure into a domestic slave at a day's notice. She would have been happier had she married 'Valtéas,' their love would have elevated both their natures; but his immoral father's conventional notions of morality spoilt all. 'Louise' is, to our thinking, the most natural character in the play, after 'Frou-Frou'; though we think such a sensitive woman would never have allowed herself to occupy the position she ultimately does in her sister's house. I have seen both Ada Dyas and Ellen Meyrick in this part. Concerning Miss Dyas, it is unnecessary to speak; but I wish to give an additional word of encouragement to Miss Ellen Meyrick, whom I look upon as one of our most promising actresses of natural comedy; she plays as an artist should, with feeling, care, and unobtrusiveness.

Before commenting upon the actual light-comedy heroines, I must just mention 'Leah' and 'Mary Warner,' not because it is necessary to make any notes upon characters so well known, but

because of a peculiarity appertaining to their representative, Miss Bateman. This peculiarity is her rapid speech; her words literally pour forth in a torrent, and yet every word is distinct. Now, Ada Cavendish, when excited, speaks rapidly, but in consequence of her elocution being defective, many words are positively incomprehensible from the front. After all, there is no doubt that the best representative of the powerful heroines of the stage is Mrs. Herman Vezin, whose splendid elocution makes the inflated language with which a clever author spoiled a good play—*The Lady of Lyons*—sound additionally absurd. Fancy a natural, tender woman like 'Pauline,' talking of submitting to her forced marriage as "placing her foot upon the ploughshare and passing the fiery ordeal." Mrs. Vezin is equally good in high comedy; her 'Mrs. Oakley' is superb.

Before commencing a brief list of the heroines of modern comedy, let me first observe that, notwithstanding the grumbling of the classicists and the tirades of those who imagine themselves the guardians of stage morality, which they know nothing about, and who judge artists with the eyes of a heartless "society," I believe that at the present time there is an abundance of earnest application and aspiration on the stage: an abundance of earnest work to master all those complicated details which arise directly nature is represented naturally in the theatre.

To be strongly dramatic in an undramatic costume, and when representing delicate, homely scenes, requires an intense feeling: no conventional obedience to set rules and directions, no exaggeration of deportment and gesture, no sweeping of long trains, high-tragedy striding or pitching of the voice in a high key, can produce the least effect; the artist must be the character.

Those people who never understand a heroine unless she be an impossible character, an extravagant monstrosity; those people who do not see the true heroine in 'Jane Eyre' or 'Maggie Sullivan,' or poor ill-used 'Becky Sharp,' who fail to appreciate a woman who is "short in stature," with "green eyes," but only associate heroines with alabaster brows and coral lips, blue black hair and purple eyes, and six feet six of limb, and drapery, and bust;—these, I say, cannot see the beauty in such characters as 'Madame de Fontanges,' 'Hortense,' 'Mrs. Steinhold,' 'Dumesvil,' 'Lady Gay Spanker,' 'Margery,' 'Nan,' 'Lottie' and 'Ida,' 'Esther' and 'Polly,' 'Bella' and 'Naomi,' 'Mary Nelboy,' 'Miriam,' 'May Edwards,' 'Gertrude' (*Little Treasure*), 'Hester Grazebrook,' 'Peg Woffington,' 'Phoebe Topper' (these last three gone for the present with the retirement of their fascinating representative, Amy Sedgewick), 'Kate Cuthbert,' 'Fanny Smith,' 'Martha Gibbs,' 'Lilian Vavasour,' and a host of others too numerous to mention.

I am delighted to hear that a whole batch of delicious "stage heroines" are coming back to us in the person of the charming Ratty Oliver. To think of *Love's Doctor*, *Loving Cup*, and *Checkmate*, is to think of the time when Mr. Andrew Halliday wrote charming plays and comedies; before he took to the scissors and paste-pot. Some writers may have reviled those little plays, but they were sound, hearty, genuine British plays, with good parts for the artists, and plenty of interest for the audience—too homely, too sweet, perhaps, for this *blasé* age—containing much to make men of town sneer, and amateur critics cry out, "Bathos, bathos," and reveal their knowledge of Greek; but yet good, pretty plays that dwell in the recollection, containing homely mirth to make us often smile, and tender heroines that we carry home in our hearts: who does not love and admire 'Jemima,' homely 'Jemima,' the true wife and merry daughter? Who does not laugh over that natural and impetuous 'Major Buncombe'? especially when portrayed with all the comedy powers of a Honey?

With Miss M. Oliver let us welcome back with joy 'Lizzy Latimer,' 'Charlotte Russe,' and all the rest of the merry natural heroines; and let us hope that Mr. Halliday will give us some more of his hearty heroes, and his true and tender heroines—more 'Jessie Bells,' 'Kitty Clatterlys,' 'Jemimas,' and 'Lizzy Latimers.'

It is a sorrowful thing when a number of heroines are suddenly withdrawn from us by the too early retirement of an artist: not only is the profession often deprived of a real sister, a true champion of its dignity, and a brave worker; but the realms of imagination become sadly depopulated. How much was lost in the retirement of Mattie Rheinhardt—her 'Galatea' was only second to Madge Robertson's. Some of the representatives of our stage heroines, however, often arouse our critical sternness by their want of disguise—we do not mean merely as to external "make-up"—but in the mental conception of their characters there is too much of self-obtrusiveness, pandering for applause, and display of personal graces and mannerisms; they should be their characters and feel their parts: if they do this, the applause will come, not so soon, perhaps, but when it does come it will last longer, and never fall off. Real art always wins in the end, and keeps the prize. I lay the blame of this failing more upon the critics than the artists; there is such little encouragement given to struggling artists now. The "star" system has turned the critics' heads, and an actress is praised or blamed in ratio to the size of her "posters." Stock artists are praised or blamed indiscriminately; they are mentioned always in general terms, their good points passed over, and their mistakes uncorrected.

As a "set-off" to this general rule, I shall mention another promising provincial actress, whom I thought a great deal of some years ago, but who has since evidently made rapid strides in her profession. She is now playing in *Clancarty* with George Rignold in the provinces. I chiefly remember her 'Nelly,' 'Mrs. Delacour,' and 'Mrs. Mildmay.' She will, I expect, shortly appear in London; when she does, I hope some genuine critic may be found to take her in hand, and lead her on to fame. I shall say nothing concerning the great "star" heroines of the modern stage; there are far abler pens than mine to sing their praises in language—utterly beyond my humble powers—replete with classical quotations and poetical illustrations. I shall content myself with calling attention now to a charming heroine named 'Coralie,' in a clever play in four acts named *Ordeal by Touch*. Why has Mr. Richard Lee been disheartened by the failure of *Chivalry*? Conventionalism could not accept a Puritan hero. Very well, try something else. *Ordeal by Touch* was pretty, and Mrs. Scott Siddons played 'Coralie' well. Certain stern critics abused her instead of encouraging her and telling her the truth, viz., that she is too handsome and too fond of her laugh, and must get over some mannerisms. We liked 'Coralie,' and are sorry to lose her.

Mrs. Rousby is another representative of some rather heavy heroines, who has been much abused by certain critical potentates, now rolled in the dust, and who has likewise been spoiled by the fulsome praises of injudicious and tender-hearted notice writers. She, also, is too pretty and too ambitious: she plays parts that literally crush her; her acting is terribly unequal, but she is, I believe, a thoroughly earnest artist; she plays warmly and vigorously, but she should have had more time; a pretty face and costly dresses made her popular too soon. Mr. Rousby's performance of 'Gardener,' I think very good. There is one more heroine that is remarkable from being represented by that capital comedian, John Clarke; I allude to 'Sairey Gamp.' Another celebrated stage heroine I remember once being represented by a lady who usually represents elegant young stage heroes like 'Fred Liteboy' and 'Lord Eden'; this was 'Eily O'Connor,' played by that thorough artist, Maggie Brennan.

Space will not permit further enumeration. In conclusion let me advise all earnest and struggling lady artists to reject conventionalism, not to be too eager for applause, not to thrust themselves forward, but to work earnestly, feel their parts, study nature, and conceal their art. Then when the public recognise their favourite stage heroines, they will not only applaud, but REMEMBER their representatives. F. A. L.

"LE CHEMIN DE DAMAS" AT THE VAUDEVILLE—PARIS.

THIS comedy, in three acts, by M. Theodore Barrière, which has created so much interest among the theatre-going public of the most pleasure-loving city of Europe, is remarkable chiefly for the novel treatment which the piece has received in its construction at the author's hands.

The central figure is one Marquis de Parisiane, a worn-out Parisian *roué*, who having seduced at one period of his life a woman who, in an evil hour, has permitted herself to fall under his fascinations, meets her eighteen years later accidentally, married honourably to a General de Givres, with a daughter the personification of purity, grace, and beauty, about whose paternity the Marquis himself can entertain not the smallest doubt.

Mdlle. de Givres falls in love with a young and gallant captain who has saved the life of her father, and who, fancying he detects a rival in the Marquis, from the involuntary affection he manifests towards his daughter, on which the Captain places another interpretation, challenges him to fight a duel. Parisiane has meanwhile become a converted man, and refuses to fight. The scene in which the discovery of the previous connection between Parisiane and Mdlle. de Givres by her husband the General is averted, is said to be very powerful, and that the *dénouement* is a happy one is only to say what our readers may have anticipated for themselves. Julien Deschamps plays the character of the 'Marquis'; Parade, the soldier 'Desgenais'; and Mdlle. Bartet that of 'Mdlle. de Givres.'

One scene we must not omit to notice, in which the thoughts of the 'Marquis' during his process of conversion take bodily shape, and appear before the audience as embodied spirits, who are sworn to save 'Parisiane' from perdition, and who demand of him an account of what he has done with all the precious gifts with which Providence has endowed him.

The idea is strange, but the way in which it is carried out is forcible, and our Paris correspondent writes us that *Le Chemin de Damas* may fairly be pronounced one of the successes of the season.

THEATRICAL CASES.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, JAN. 25.

(Nisi Prius Sittings at Westminster, before Baron PIGOTT and a Common Jury.)

LABHART v. SHERIDAN.

The plaintiff was a theatrical property master, carrying on business at Queen-Square, Bloomsbury. The defendant was Miss Amy Sheridan, the actress. It appeared that in November last this lady entered into the management of the Opera Comique in the Strand, and announced her intention to open it with a burlesque, entitled *Ision Re-wheeled*. Mr. Barker, her acting stage-manager, immediately put himself in communication with the plaintiff, who had gained a considerable reputation in this line of business in connection with both the London and country theatres. The result was an agreement, under which the plaintiff supplied the stage furniture, and performed the work required for the representation of the burlesque in question. His account for same amounted to £153 10s. Being unable to procure any settlement, or any money on account, he brought the present action, claiming, in addition, the interest upon the amount of the original debt up to the present time.

Mr. Willis appeared as counsel for the plaintiff. There was no appearance for the defendant, although she pleaded "Never indebted," and that she had satisfied and discharged the plaintiff's claim before the action was brought.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for the amount claimed.

POLICE.

At Bow Street, Edward Hasleham, an auctioneer and estate-agent, was summoned for creating a disturbance in the Globe Theatre, and for assaulting two or three persons connected with the house. Mr. Johnson prosecuted; Mr. Ricketts defended. It appeared that on the 15th inst. the defendant went to the theatre with two ladies and asked for free admission. He was told that the free list was suspended, and he paid for three seats in the upper circle. He objected to the seats; and took possession of three seats in the centre of the front row. The attendant told him the seats were let, and asked him to leave them, but without effect. The people who had taken the seats came soon after into the theatre, and the defendant was then told that unless he left the seats he would have to be removed by force. He said "Then I must be removed by force." A sergeant and a constable were sent for to see that no unnecessary force was used, and the defendant was removed from the theatre. He resisted violently, threatening to throw the acting manager, Mr. Emery, and another over into the pit. He did throw their hats over. He used disgusting language all the time, although surrounded by ladies and children. Several ladies fainted, and the whole house was disturbed for nearly an hour. The defendant was drunk at the time, and the ladies who were with him begged him to leave the theatre. His money was offered to him back. After hearing the case at some length Mr. Flowers fined the defendant 40s. in two cases and costs, and ordered him to be bound over in £20 to be of good behaviour for six months.

MR. JAMES GUIVER, late acting manager of the Holborn Theatre, was summoned before Mr. Flowers, under the Master and Servants Act, for arrears of wages alleged to be due to Henry Batten, fireman of that theatre. The wages claimed were for the four weeks between December 19, 1874, and January 16, 1875, at £1. 10s. 6d. per week. Mr. James Guiver said he was not the lessee of the Holborn Theatre. He was merely acting manager under his brother, Mr. Morris D. Guiver, and was himself in the same situation as the complainant, his brother having been entirely ruined and unable to pay any one in the theatre for the two weeks before it closed. Mr. Flowers said he should adjourn the case for a week to consider as to whether the defendant was liable or not.

MRS. HERMANN VEZIN, after two years' absence, will re-appear in London this evening, when she will assist in a performance at the St. George's Theatre, given by the Comus Dramatic Club in aid of the *Cospatrick* Relief Fund. Mrs. Hermann Vezin will sustain the character of 'Madame de Fontanges,' in the celebrated drama of *Plot and Passion*, which will be preceded by *The Unfinished Gentleman*, and followed by the farce of *Boots at the Swan*.



PROFESSOR HEINEMANN.

PROFESSOR HEINEMANN.

PROFESSOR HEINEMANN, whose portrait we present to-day, was born at Berlin in the year 1837, but from an extended residence in this country, during which he has largely devoted himself to the study of our institutions, as well as by his associations, he has become in all essential points an Englishman. As a professor of his own language, and of moral and mental philosophy, he has assisted to a great extent in the education of a considerable number of Englishmen. He has also prepared pupils for all the

branches of our civil and military services, but it is as a lecturer that he has become best known to the public at large. He may be said to have commenced his career as far back as the year 1866, when he was appointed Professor of German Literature at the Crystal Palace School of Art and Literature, and gave his first lecture on "Goethe, his life and writings," before an audience of 800 people, with great success. On this occasion he lectured extempore, without even the aid of notes. Subsequently he was appointed Professor of Logic and Political Economy at the Civil Service College, about which time he was consulted by the late

Mr. J. Stuart Mill upon the subject of the Continental system of balloting, who also entrusted him with the task of writing an "Analysis of His Political Economy;" a work, however, which we have reason to regret Professor Heinemann has not completed.

As chairman of the Council of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Count Gleichen were respectively president and vice-president, he displayed a marked knowledge of the history of the Fine Arts, and having been in his own country formerly editor of a well-known political paper, he has acquired an amount of knowledge of the political affairs of Europe, of which he evidently availed himself in the lectures which he has given here on the political history of Germany, and especially on Bismarck and the struggle between Church and State in that country. Professor Heinemann has also lectured in the provinces, at Leeds, Hull, and other large towns, where he has been received with marked favour.

He is at the present time actively engaged as heretofore in the higher walks of Education. He is also a member of several learned societies.

Professor Heinemann possesses the art, so rare even among lecturers, of expressing himself at once lucidly and tersely, and of making himself clearly understood and apprehended by the meanest intelligences. His lectures are consequently popular, as well as appreciated by persons of culture.

Apart from his public appearances as a lecturer, Dr. Heinemann is well known for his abstract studies, his knowledge of the classical and philosophical sciences, and his extensive acquaintance with modern languages, all of which peculiarly fit him for the profession of which he is so great an ornament.

OTTERS SHOT IN THE THAMES.

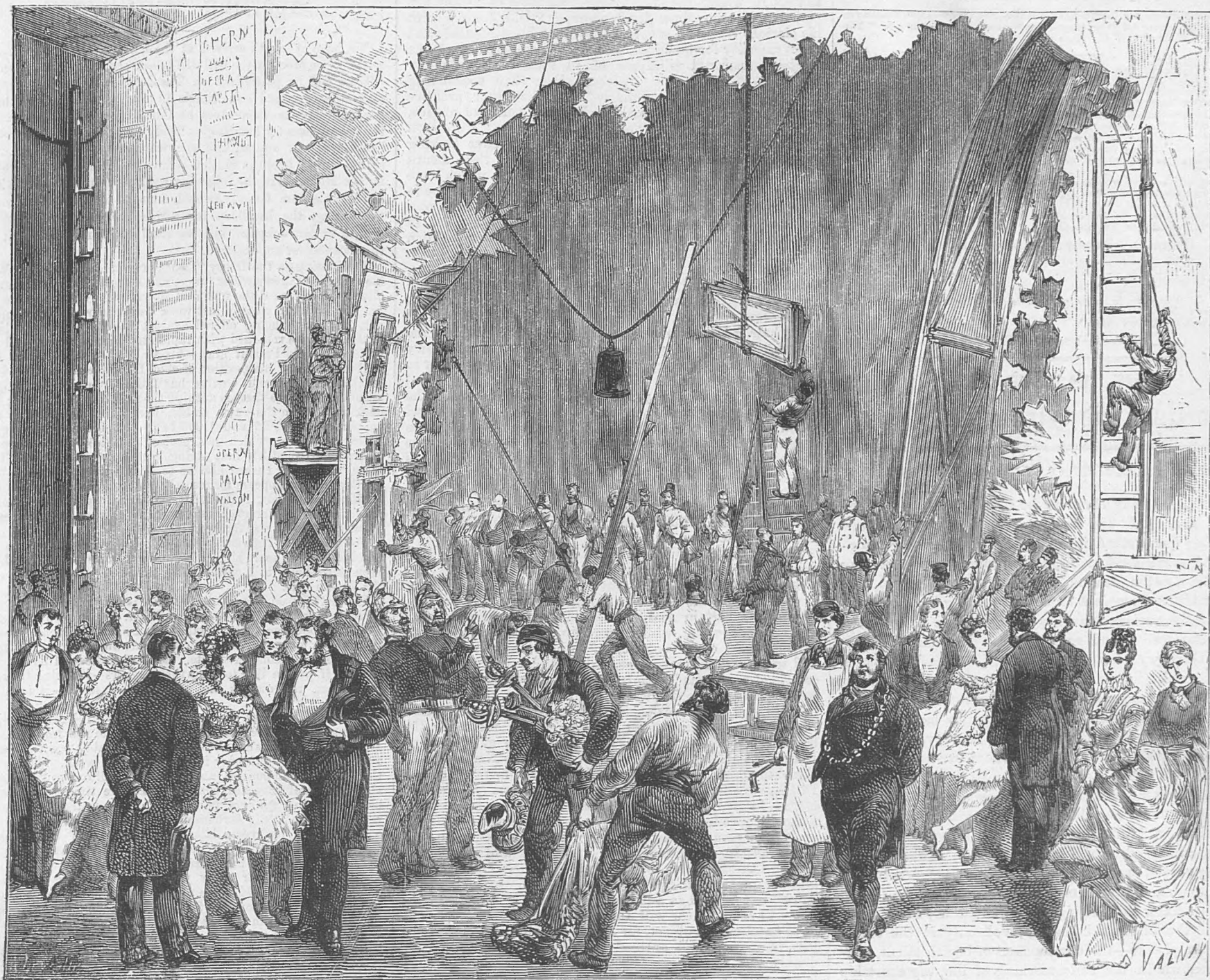
On this page we give a sketch of the shooting of two otters in the Thames. With reference to this remarkable circumstance, a brief account of which has already appeared in several of our contemporaries, Mr. Woodhouse writes that the two otters were first observed by Mr. Bond, jun., of Maidenhead Bridge, who was riding down the tow path, and saw the otters running in front of him, some times taking to the water, until they arrived at the Eel Bucks, owned by Mr. Woodhouse, of the George Hotel, Bray, and opposite the celebrated vicarage, one mile from Maidenhead Bridge, when they took to the water and crossed the stream, at its swiftest part, to the Bucks. Mr. Bond shouted to Woodhouse, who lent Mr. Mickley his man and skiff, following himself in the punt. Mickley was the first to get a shot, by which he secured one of the youngsters, the other was killed in the Rod Eyot, the old one sank. The two young ones have been sent to Ward & Co., naturalists, 158 Piccadilly, by whom they will be mounted in a case for the coffee-room at the George Hotel. Davis (lock-keeper, Hurley Lock, eleven miles from Bray), in August last, states he saw one in open daylight. He brought the rifle, but found that the only cartridge he had would not fit, much to his surprise and annoyance, and so it was lost, making its escape by the ditch leading to the Old Monastery, where it would find food to its heart's content, there being water well stocked with fish behind the old walls.

NOTE.—Now could they have come overland from some private place, or shall we next March or April hear of another litter numbering three to five?



SHOOTING OTTERS IN THE THAMES.

① 3/13 3/16 under



BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE NEW PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

STAGE EXAGGERATIONS.

It seems incredible to us now, with our smaller theatres and closer stage, how the Greeks could have endured the artificial personation of their actors; not so much for their exaggeration of voice and stature, which, on account of the greater distance of the spectators from the actors, we can understand must needs have been—nor for the fact of their wearing masks at all, which was the necessary consequence of the cothurnus—but for the fixed and unvarying types of these masks, all of which thus became more like symbols than living persons. There were about twenty-seven in all on which to ring the changes; giving four for the “first” old men, and two for the second; seven for the young men; three for the male, and five for the female slaves, with six for the free women, our *prime donne*, first walking ladies, and *ingénues*. But they were always the same, the type of each being absolutely fixed. Thus, Clytemnestra at Argos was precisely the same as Hecuba at Athens—“the pale lady with long black hair and a sad expression in her countenance,” being the mask used for all the graver and intenser characters; while the Hamlets and Falklands and Masters of Ravenswood of the times would be each played in precisely the same mask, only the words issuing from the squared open mouth differing. All this seems very wooden and unimpressive to us accustomed to a different personality of character with each actor or actress who plays; so that we, who are old enough to remember, have had now Grisi and now Jenny Lind for our ‘Norma,’ now Macready and now Fechter for our ‘Othello.’

And, yet, how much on our own stage is as absolutely stereotyped as the Greek and Roman mask, and as far removed from the every-day life assumed to be represented! For instance, take sorrow as it is transacted on the boards and never seen in real life. Here we have the set type of the tragic mask in perfection. A young man flouted by fortune and despairing of getting the girl he loves, finds no more manly way to express his grief than by weeping behind his handkerchief, as young men who are worth their salt and have an honest backbone like other vertebrate animals, never do. He will turn away from the audience and droop his face on the shoulder of his friend, holding fast by his hands in a manner that might be natural enough among women but surely is not usual with men; at least not with Englishmen, who, as a rule, refrain from hugging each other after school-boy days, and do not cry on any provocation whatsoever. An angry father relenting, can do nothing better in the way of depicting his softer mood than by weeping, with more or less noise of hysterical sobbing. If he is irascible, rubicund, and vulgar, he cries very noisily into a red and yellow bandana; if he is pale, tall, and aristocratic, he contents himself with a sudden catarrh, which necessitates the exhibition of a white pocket-handkerchief—the symbol of his more refined nature. This is stage grief—the modern tragic mask. The more subtle and infinitely more pathetic indications given by a few masters in the art—such as the husky voice, the words a little faltering,

sometimes interrupted altogether for a few seconds, as if to prevent a total breakdown—the fingers making as if to loosen the cravat which has become too tight by the swelling of the heart—the steadfast gaze on something quite apart from and insignificant to the main action, in a kind of mechanical attempt at calmness, but the eyes not seeing what it is at which they are looking—all these evidences of manly grief, as we see them in real life, are not translated into the business of the stage, save with those very few masters who believe more in nature than in masks. But noisy weeping, with a flourish of red and yellow pocket-handkerchief for the less refined kind, and a broken lily-like movement for the more gentleman-like and pathetic, still hold their place there as the recognised symbols of sorrow and the most natural representations of a man's distress of mind.

Stage anger too is just as absurd as stage sorrow. If men in real life went raving about as they do on the boards, they would be locked up by the police for brawling, or put into a lunatic asylum as madmen and dangerous. The quiet concentrated anger which expresses itself more in feature and quality of voice, than in furious gestures and unnatural roaring, is seldom or never seen on the stage. Yet it is as much more eloquent and thrilling as are the more subtle indications of grief than the unseemly blubbing in general stage use. People in a red rage are always undignified and ridiculous. It is the white heat which tells; and the suggestion of latent force—of a fury that could be roused, and if roused would be as deadly as a thunderbolt from heaven—is a more powerful as well as a more masterly and artistic kind of thing than the rude, loud, tearing scold which has no more issue in deeds than any other old wife's scolding-match. But, with us, the most dignified characters we have in drama ramp and rage about the boards with furious gestures and lengthy strides, shouting themselves hoarse like low-lived roughs in a street row more than like noble, manly, self-contained heroes, who might be awakened into wrath but who could never be degraded to indecency. And stage anger is indecent, looked at from the point of view of manly self-control.

If manifestations are stereotyped and artificial, so are characters. Gentleman-like fathers are always pale, grey-haired, and with well-preserved waists; vulgar ones are stout, well-fed, and deeply ruddled. The melancholy heroine most frequently dresses in black, and does her best to convey the impression of scrofulous consumption or chronic dyspepsia; the light-hearted heroine is fond of white muslin with a pink sash, and would be improved by a course of manners as taught at a Brighton finishing school. The serious lover, in black velvet where the costume admits it, walks about in fitful spasmodic steps, with a book in his hand, which he does not read; and if he is to be pitied for his misfortunes, he is also to be despised for a character so feeble, a temper so easily depressed, that we wonder what the world would be like if a majority of our young men were of this weak and washy type. Yet it is meant to be an interesting creature, and one making calls on our sympathy. In his turn, the light-hearted lover, who matches

the heroine in the pink sash, would probably find himself in real life kicked ignominiously out of any house where he should attempt the monkey tricks which only excite laughter when seen on the stage, and where he should violate every canon of good breeding, tossed as food for fun to the gods and groundlings. Add to these, impossible servants who would not keep their place for an hour; country cousins as much like nature as heraldic griffins or mediæval dragons; Jack Tars whom no man-of-war would ship, and officers, the first result of whose commission would be mutiny at the mess and a recommendation from the Horse-guards to sell out; maiden aunts wild to get married, and, though gentlewomen by birth and standing, offering themselves to podgy retired tradesmen who have difficulties with their h's, and whom no amount of savings would float in real life—and we have touched on a few of the more prominent absurdities of the stage where society as we know it, and men and women as they are, get scant favour and no following. More than this we are tortured with the symbolism of the orchestra. “Soft music” as the sign of sorrow, sensationalism, seriousness, is enough to empty the house, and would, had we the proper amount of sensitiveness for that which is ridiculous and unnatural. But we have become so far habituated and hardened by continual contact with false taste that we bear even this absurdity without protest, and if we wince we keep our seats. That soft music holds something of the place of the Greek chorus; but when we read a Greek play (not necessarily in the original) we think the chorus must have been insufferably tiresome, and we wonder how the lively cleverness of the old Hellene could have endured it. Our descendants will wonder, in their turn, how we could have endured our soft music and many other absurdities; and will think we must have been terribly deficient in artistic perception—and they will think right.

Actors and managers cannot say that the public would not patronise a truer school. Let us have the chance and we would soon prove how gladly we would welcome it; as indeed we have shown already whenever we have had the smallest amount of nature allowed us. A bit of acting true to life, or a drama representing society as it is, is gratefully accepted by us—the long suffering public—forced to put up with rant and buffoonery for pathos and laughter, with the impossible situations of melodrama for the more subtle excitement of adverse circumstances naturally produced, and with masks for persons. We want realities not symbols: life as it is, not conventionalised presentations no more like the real thing than a North American Indian's totem is like the bear or the beaver it assumes to picture.

Pantomimes and extravaganzas give ample opportunity for the most luxuriant fancy; and while we have the old classic tragedies we are never in want of occasions for the classic mask and the cothurnus. But, for the dramas of modern life, we want a better model and a more natural school than we have now, even from Robertson and his interpreters; and the man who shall found this last will not only make his own fortune, but will redeem the English stage from the decay into which it is rapidly falling.

E. LYNN LINTON.

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THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

THE English may claim to be people lavishly inclined towards memorials and testimonials; and departed merit and living worth stand in small danger of escaping recognition of some kind or another, whatever shape it may assume. In the realms of sport especially, we find precedent after precedent for acknowledging the labours of leaders in its various branches; and we have latterly seen how public feeling and sympathy can be enlisted on behalf of those who have deserved well of the body which they undertake to amuse and instruct as sporting writers. But in all our experience, public admiration and private esteem for those qualities which go to make up the "popular jockey" of the day, have never yet taken the shape of a testimonial to the man whom sportsmen delight to honour—as in the case of a fund now in course of being raised for presentation to John Osborne, "in recognition of his long and honourable career in connection with the national sport." The outer world, instructed by stage representations of Turf life, and by the lower class of sporting novels, is apt to form very different conclusions as to the life and labours of a jockey, to what those behind the scenes know them to signify. The public, in its judgment of the brilliant horseman, look only at the bright side of the picture—the development of boyish talent, self-made renown in the early morning of life, the courtship by the great, their munificent rewards in return for brilliant successes, and the final retirement to spend the evening of his days in peace and plenty. They take little account of early struggles, the "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control," through which alone they can be qualified for the highest positions; and reckon not of the "fierce light" which beats upon their every public action, liable at any time to be misunderstood, and to cast them down from the pinnacle of prosperity to absolute ruin. Jockeys are popularly supposed to enjoy only the sunshine of life, in which the black cloud gathering around is too frequently disregarded, until of a sudden it envelopes its victim for ever.

In the present case the very rarity of such a public expression of admiration and regard greatly enhances its value, while such names as those of Messrs. Jardine and Vyner, together with that of the venerable owner of Apology at the head of the list of subscribers, are a guarantee that this should be regarded as no mere private testimonial to the worth of a friend, but rather as a public acknowledgment of the ability and integrity which have uniformly distinguished John Osborne's jockey career. It is not given to all of his calling to boast of having worn "the white rose of a blameless life," like the distinguished Northern jockey, who has passed unscathed through the fiery furnace of Turf intrigues and dangers, from the day when he had his first leg up at 4st. 7lbs., in '49, to his last mount in 1874. A reign of five-and-twenty years, with the promise of health and strength for double that period, is a long career in these days, when business on the racing circuit has been so wondrously multiplied, and when we have too many examples of the rapid rise and fall of that ephemeral race of which John Osborne is still so distinguished an ornament. Those who have marked the almost insuperable dangers to which youthful success is naturally prone, and who are aware of the destroyers ever lying in wait to bend to their will the supple mind of beings too often ill-educated or nurtured in all manner of wickedness—such as these can appreciate to the full the power of resistance to temptation, the self-respect, and determination to "go straight," which have influenced for good the unblemished career of such a man as John Osborne. Where hundreds have fallen, never to rise again, the small band of which "Johnny" is a worthy representative, has gone steadily forward, holding their heads high above suspicion, and redeeming the reproach attaching to their race of low cunning and venality, and showing how man may touch even pitch and not be defiled.

John Osborne was brought up in a very different school to that in which the Young England style of jockey has made such precocious development. "Old John," with his clerical costume, severe ideas of stable discipline, and strict capacity for business, was not the sort of trainer one catches occasional glimpses of in these days, flashily dressed and aping the master rather than conducting himself as servant. "Johnny" and the other prentice boys had plenty of hard work during their period of service, and when they emerged "out of their articles," were soon discovered to be steady, reliable lads, not above looking after their horses; and totally devoid of all that absurd swagger, and loud notions in matters of dress, which have marked so many of the flashier school as early victims to their own vanity and weakness. No one ever saw John Osborne arrayed in the daintily cut Noah's ark, curly brimmed hat, goloshes, and button-hole flower, which are the thing in certain jockey circles; and of whom "Argus" used to say, that "when a race was over they stuck a cigar as big as a skittle-pin between their teeth, and sent their valets for champagne." "Johnny" looked "business" all over, and owners have at last discovered, after their sad experience of popular light-weights, and the "windmill" tribe of young hopefuls, that the less showy finish and careful riding of John Osborne are more likely to keep them on the right side, when winnings are reckoned up at the end of the year. There is something in the quiet and unpretending style of those schoolfellows and "Northern lights," Osborne and Challoner, that seems to impart confidence to horses they ride, and we may be sure if we see either of these "standing down" that it is merely because they are estopped by weight. Would there were more of the sort among us, for there seems to be but meagre promise of successors as yet, among the meteoric tribes which come and go quicker than their celestial prototypes.

The proposed testimonial will do something more than express the warm feelings of John Osborne's admirers; by showing the world that honour and integrity are as highly appreciated on the Turf as in social or commercial circles. There is a certain sect, cross-bred between the Pharisee and the maw-worm, which turns up its moral eyes at the very mention of a "connection with the national sport," and would regard jockeys as pariahs to be shunned by the coterie of ready-made saints, of which they boast to form a part. The testimonial, whatever form it may take, will, we may depend, give far deeper pleasure to its recipient than the thousands which have heretofore been incontinently lavished on jockeys who have taken honours at Epsom or Doncaster. There is much remaining in the North of that clanship which stood so staunchly by the fortunes of the Dutchman and Voltigeur; and this will rally many round the centre formed for collecting from the Ridings substantial tokens of its admiration for the hero of a quarter century of successes, commencing in the "spots," running on to the triumph of the St. Vincent brown and white cap on Lord Clifden, after his memorable St. Leger stern chase, and culminating in Apology's year, which "excited Yorkshire" will regard as a landmark in Turf annals for many a day to come. Nor will the South refuse its mite in aid of so excellent an object, for Johnny's following is scarcely less numerous and enthusiastic there than among the denizens of his native wolds. In the very zenith of his fame, with a stable full to overflowing, and a Derby favourite taking his airings among the sheeted string on the old Moor; with Apology "looming in the distance" of Cups; the proposed offering will come as a crown to a career of happiness and prosperity, which none have better merited, because none have more earnestly striven to deserve, than John Osborne.

CAPTAIN BOYTON'S SWIMMING DRESS.—Captain Boyton, an American, made a most successful exhibition of a new swimming dress in the Thames, on Saturday afternoon. Accompanied by his brother, he arrived at Wapping Old Stairs shortly before two o'clock, and put on the swimming dress. It consists of a covering of india-rubber made in two portions—one to cover the feet and legs, the other to meet it and cover the arms, chest, and the back of the head. This being put on above his ordinary attire, the water was excluded at the joint between the upper and lower portions by fastening one closely over the other. Then taking four tubes, corresponding to as many parts of the dress, Captain Boyton inflated himself while partly in and partly out of the water, and left the stairs at two o'clock precisely. Going up on the flood tide, the swimmer made excellent progress, though it must be remembered that he was not doing a match against time, but merely exhibiting the usefulness of his invention. He stuck a flag in a holder fastened to one of his boots, and blew a tin horn occasionally on his progress. On London Bridge there was a large crowd, who cheered him lustily, and he responded by appearing upright in the water out of which he stood from his breast and waved his flag. He reached the Temple Stairs at 17 minutes to three, or 43 minutes from the time of starting, the distance being between two and two and a half miles. He seemed in excellent condition, and after a rest of a minute he re-entered the water and went on to Putney.

MARRIED, on the 23rd instant, at St. Philip the Evangelist's, Arlington Square, John Swaine Chatterton, eldest son of Orlando Chatterton, Custom House Officer, Rye, Kent, to Susannah Quince, eldest daughter of S. Quince, trainer, Newmarket.

COMMENTING upon the breaking of her New Orleans' engagement, the *Picayune* thus speaks of Miss Adelaide Neilson: "The only explanation given by Miss Neilson for this singular freak is gleaned from a note which she left behind, addressed to Manager De Bar, in which she says that she is too sick to act, and that her physician had ordered her to take a rest and go to a colder climate. She also stated that she wished to go to New York, where she could be under the care of her own physician. Manager De Bar finds it difficult to understand how a four days' trip in the cars could, by any possibility, be construed into a rest-taking. Any number of rumours are afloat concerning the cause of Miss Neilson's sudden departure, but it seems to be pretty generally admitted that the plea of sickness was only put forward as a ruse to enable her to escape an engagement that for some reason, not explained, had become distasteful to her. Miss Neilson had quarters at the St. Charles Hotel; and, from all we can gather, seemed to be quite well up to the time of her departure; but, of course, we cannot pretend to gainsay the certificate of her physician without proof more positive than is at hand. The breaking of her engagement by Miss Neilson will, of course, cause considerable loss to Manager De Bar, and we shall not be surprised if this most fascinating *Juliet* does not have to pay in the end very dearly for her indiscretion."—*Arcadian*.

Sporting Intelligence.

WE have at length arrived at the close of the last week of inactivity: on Monday the ball will be set rolling at Middlesborough; Eltham will be patronised on Tuesday and Wednesday by hosts of Londoners; and our friends in the Principality will have a couple of days to themselves at Carmarthen. In the mean time the acceptances for handicaps already published, and several new handicaps, will appear, and the whole machinery of the racing season will be fairly in motion before the North and South meet in The Midlands in the following week to witness the decision of the Birmingham Grand Annual, as usual the first great event of the spring, the handicap for which has just been published, framed by Mr. Johnson, but we shall know more about it after the acceptances are declared.

The betting on the Derby, Two Thousand Guineas, and Waterloo Cup, has taken a wider range, and some of the candidates have already experienced the ups and downs that favourites are heirs to. Towards the close of last week Ironstone was almost knocked out, any price being offered against him; but on Monday, at Tattersall's, he returned with rapid strides into favour, and 1,000 to 20 was booked about him,—his stable companion, Holy Friar, still maintaining his position of chief favourite, a point in advance of Galopin. Roland Græme has fallen from his high estate, although I believe there is nothing the matter with the colt; but a dark outsider in the same stable, named Woodcock, has found support, 1,000 to 25 and 1,000 to 20 (three times) having been taken about him, which has probably alarmed the early backers of Lord Portsmouth's first string, who have only themselves to blame for having rushed him up to such a false position. Prince Batthyany also appears fortunately to have a second to rely upon, for his chesnut colt, Peripatetic, who ran Ladylove to a head, the only time he ever started, has been nibbled at on several occasions when 1,000 to 15 was forthcoming.

For The Two Thousand, Camballo has scarcely been so firm, and Balfie shows more signs of coming than anything else, having been backed at 9 to 1, after being also supported at 25 to 1 for the Epsom race.

The betting on the Waterloo Cup is very little improved: a favourite certainly has been found in Mr. R. Hyslop's nomination, which backers are content to take 11 to 1 about; but the layers affirm there never was so bad a race to speculate on, and Mr. Pilkington's nomination is second favourite. Of the handicaps I have nothing to say; if people like to burn their fingers—thinking they know more than the owners and trainers themselves—it is not my fault.

Great preparations are going on at both Universities, the challenge having been sent and accepted, to row from Putney to Mortlake as usual, and the race will probably come off on the 20th March, the Saturday in the Liverpool week. This will be the thirty-second contest, and Oxford is still one to the good; for although Cambridge has won the last five times, yet the dark blue were the winners in nine previous years. Fortune has perhaps been slightly favourable to Oxford; for in 1849 they won on a foul, and ten years later their adversaries' boat sank. It would be premature now to offer any opinion, as the crews are not yet finally made up; but I hear that we shall see two such eights as have not rowed for many years. There will be very few old hands in the Cambridge boat, but the crew will be a very fine one; Oxford is particularly fortunate in having plenty of men in hard work, and is in the singularly lucky position of having two wonderfully good strokes to choose from.

The "death and disqualification" argument appears likely to meet with the same fate as the Lambskin squabble. Admiral Rous has been referred to, and, in answer, reiterates the opinion he gave on the same subject eleven years ago, where, in a letter addressed to the editor of *The Sporting Gazette*, he wound up:—"Having carefully considered the subject, I am convinced that any alteration in that simple rule would be detrimental to the interests of the turf."

Strange to say, on the very day my last letter was published, in which I had something to say about the indignant letters of the Kingsbury Resident, a leading article appeared in a fashionable sporting periodical on the subject of gate-money meetings. I then said that it was not my duty or desire to uphold suburban or any other sort of meetings, neither is it, nor do I intend to do so; but the leading article in question is so totally at variance with the opinions of nine out of every ten men I meet, and gives such a one-sided view of the case, that I must be allowed to say a few words.

In the first paragraph, and in the final one, too, we are told that gate-money meetings are far greater abominations than ever was the prize-ring, or the cock-pit; we are told, and this *advisedly*, that no respectable person, whether he bet or not, is safe at such places, unless in company with two or three friends; we are told that in every race the horses are pulled and roped—that the best horse never wins—that in the very stand itself a man is in more danger of being robbed than at a prize-fight—and that the gentlemen whose names appear as stewards are only acting as decoys, and are as culpable as those who make the money at the gates. These are grave accusations, certainly; and may, at first sight, appear hard to dispose of. It may be a matter of fancy, but I scarcely think there can be any doubt but that these gate-money meetings, painted as black as they can be painted, are vastly above the sports and pastimes that were carried on in, and around, the cock-pit and the prize-ring, in the days those brutal amusements were in vogue. As to personal safety, I am not ashamed to say that I have attended, I think, every meeting where money is taken at the gate, in England and Ireland, without the company of two or three friends; and, hoping that I have lost nothing in respectability, I certainly remain unharmed. The roping I know nothing about, except I have heard it is practised at other places besides West Drayton. The danger of being robbed in the stand, or enclosure, at one of these meetings, is about the same, I imagine, as if a man were to take his wife and family to our fine old English spectacle, the Lord Mayor's Show, a fashionable wedding, or the Boat Race,—not more so, certainly; and the gentlemen decoy-duck part of the accusation I may leave to those members of the Jockey Club and Grand National Hunt Committee, who have consented to act as stewards. Having read the article over more than once, and having heard it discussed at least a dozen times, I am almost inclined to think that it must have been written by "The Resident at Kingsbury," himself; for the whole gist of it is that "gate-money meetings" are the curse of racing—that they are worse than any other sort of meeting, worse than cock-fighting, or prize-fighting—and that far greater blackguards, thieves, and welsers go to them; which facts the writer seems to think he has proved; but about which I have my scruples, and shall retain them until they are cleared up; for I cannot understand why the attendants at Kingsbury or Croydon, where they pay a shilling to go on the course, are worse behaved, greater thieves or blackguards, than those who go to Bromley or Hampton, where they don't. I don't quite see why it is highly wrong for a publican to earn a small income, when a peer may gain thousands by a meeting; and I don't observe much dif-

ference, except in the value of the coin, when I pay a shilling to be allowed to walk on the course, to see the Grand International Hurdle Race at Croydon, or half a sovereign if I go in a brougham to see the Cesarewitch.

The payment of money at the gates in fact has nothing at all to do with the subject the article was intended to be written about. If the Metropolitan Meetings (*that is the question*) are supposed to do harm to the best interests of the Turf, if they encourage swindling, &c., by all means do away with them, wipe them out of the list of races-to-come; but the fault cannot be laid at the doors of "The Gate-Money Meetings;" Hampton and Bromley are no purer than Croydon and Kingsbury, any more than those who pay *not* at Ascot are superior to those who pay for the privilege of having the *entrée* to the Royal Enclosure.

I remarked above that I had heard a good many opinions on the subject, which condensed into a few words, are simply that at all Metropolitan Meetings the gate-money should be raised, and very considerably raised, too, so as to enable lessees to give better stakes, which would induce better owners to enter better horses, and thus the racing would be improved. If Government interference is needed, which is questionable, let it ordain that no meeting shall be held anywhere where at least a certain sum clear, and large, is not given to each day's racing. This would attract good horses, and consequently drive the screws away; while, in order to provide the sinews of war, the lessee would have to increase his charges for admission to the ground and stands, which would make the general attendance more select. We shall soon see how it works at Sandown Park, after which the owners of our courses nearer London may be induced to follow suit.

The dreadful hurricanes which have raged all over England and Ireland have sadly interfered with hunting and shooting; and yet I learn that when men were barely able to keep their saddles, the scent has been good all through, and first-rate runs have been enjoyed everywhere. The Ward Union Stag-hounds, with Charles Brindley, that prince of stag-hunters, still carrying the horn, have had wonderfully good sport, and fortunately, have not been so unlucky with their deer as last season; they had a splendid day's sport last week; the well-known eighth mile stone was the meet, and, after a quick thirty minutes with the first deer, they enlarged a second, which was leading them a merry dance over the soundest going and the biggest fences in the county, where the ever watchful Charley espied a fresh stag going away in a different line, which he soon recognised as his old friend Coonassie, one of the straightest goers in his paddocks, who had given the hounds the slip the last time he was enlarged. The hunted deer was an untired one, so Charley at once made up his mind to attempt to recapture the veteran. One twang on his horn was enough; his obedient hounds swung round, and in a couple of minutes were racing, heads up and sterna down, in the wake of the truant, whom they succeeded in bringing to bay after a tremendously fast forty minutes. The Kildare have had a succession of good gallops since the new year brought us better weather; and the Meath are having a wonderful season, where at last, as I always thought would happen some day, in the finest grass country in the whole world, not one bit inferior to our most celebrated shires, a regular English colony have settled down. Nearer home I hear that good sport has been prevalent whenever the weather was at all propitious; and Sir William Throckmorton has been especially favoured with grand runs, and it is hoped far and wide that he will withdraw from his present determination of giving up "the Vale" at the end of the season.

Baron Finot and his jockey Page, who has quite recovered from his Croydon mishap, have been having a rare time of it at Nice, where Coureusse de Nuit, Nestor II., and Marin have won the principal prizes. There has also been a considerable amount of dove slaughtering going on for the entertainment of those noble sportsmen who find the time between the race days hang heavy on their hands; but I do not understand the pastime; nor need I here record the doings on Monday at Lillie Bridge, where an Amateur Championship Bicycle Match attracted a large number of people who had nothing else to do.

I rejoice to see Lords Melgund and Willoughby de Broke have taken up their pens and the cudgels in defence of our steeple-chase courses, which have been gradually growing smaller by degrees, and wonderfully less. Both these young noblemen know what they are writing about; they are not of the feather-bed order of steeple-chase riders, but are thorough sportsmen, and ride for the love of the thing. It is perfectly ridiculous to see the *hippodromes* that are now dignified by the name of steeple-chase courses; and strange as it may appear, I can assure my readers it is perfectly true, the greatest transformation scene has taken place in Ireland, the natural home of steeple-chasers; for there is not a course in the whole island that I know of, except Punchestown—The Fairy House, where the Ward Hunt Races are held—and Rathdrum, in Wicklow (and I have been to nearly all) that is not so cut down as to be perfectly absurd, as well as dangerous. English owners are afraid to enter their horses in Ireland, because they think the country is too big; I can only inform them that the three courses I have named are the only ones that should stop anything that can get half round Croydon; and anything with four legs tolerably sound (for the ground is hard) that has been twice over hurdles would be quite well schooled enough to run at Baldoyle, the Great Metropolitan Meeting of Ireland, with a fair chance of success; which track was most happily described last year by the conductor of "Our Van" as a "Toy Course." What we shall come to eventually it is hard to say. With the exception of those I have named in Ireland, the old course at Aylesbury, the Grand Military course at Rugby, and I don't know where to look for another, except Bangor near Wrexham, in Sir Watkin's Hunt, there are no natural courses left: all have been cut down from time to time; fences are now galloped through, not jumped; and consequently accidents are more numerous and much more serious. Very lately The Grand National Hunt Committee considered it their duty to warn the officials of one of our great meetings to discontinue their cutting-down practice; and it will be well for the interests of all Clerks of Courses, as well as for the welfare of the popular pastime, if the timely advice given by Lord Melgund and Lord Willoughby de Broke be followed.

RUGBY.

TWILIGHT.—The death of this famous brood mare occurred on the 11th instant, in her twenty-eighth year, after a very successful career at the stud. Between the flags she won a good many races across country, but it was at the stud her name was best known. She was the dam of Evening Star, by Planet, in 1863, cast a filly to him in 1864, then in succession came Turco, Daybreak, Ashtaroth, Daylight, Gaslight, Darkness, Young Twilight, and another filly—all by Zouave. She was barren to Prince Arthur in 1870, and to Zouave in 1873. Her Zouave filly in 1874 died a month after foaling, and she was gone nine months with a colt-foal by Liverpool at her death. She always threw two colts and two fillies alternately, and though barren in 1870, after a colt the preceding year, another colt came in 1871, and barren in 1873 after a filly another came in 1874, and she was in foal with a colt at her death. Daybreak and Ashtaroth were about the best of her progeny, but Gaslight, Daylight, and Turco have also shown fine form, while Darkness and Young Twilight have yet to make themselves name and fame.—*Irish Sportsman.*

MY HAT.

"Who's your hatter?" some years ago used to be one of the commonest questions asked of provincial visitors by the street vagabonds of London. A gentleman with a seedy specimen of the hat manufacture, may even still be subjected to the remark, "The same old hat, I perceive!" Very vulgar and objectionable are such questions and observations, and to the former a satisfactory answer is very rarely received even when the question is preferred in a business-like and really earnest manner, and when the wearer might reply without any derogation of dignity. For my own part, I should be very sorry to attempt an answer to it, for I cannot conscientiously say that I have ever met with a hatter so experienced in his business as that I could give him my whole and undivided custom. If I had been so fortunate as to have found out such a personage, I should certainly consider it my bounden duty to give him the widest possible advertisement in my power; and to mention his name in this article for the benefit of the rising generation, and especially of those whose particular avocations render it imperatively necessary, under the present notions regarding what constitutes a respectable appearance, that they should always be seen in public with no other head-gear than that peculiar abomination known as the top-hat. There is only one portion of the community, as far as I am aware, that is suffered to enjoy an immunity from the common penalty of being compelled for the sake of respectability to wear a "chimney-pot" hat, and that is the lower order of the clergy. By the lower order of the clergy I mean all those below the dignity of a bishop. The bishop, with black continuations, buckled shoes and cloth gaiters, would indeed be a curious subject for London ridicule if he surmounted the whole of his canonical get-up with a wide-awake; but an ordinary clergyman can promenade Bond Street itself with that comfortable specimen of the hat-makers art without incurring either the laughter of the populace or the indignation of the *beau monde*, without shocking the susceptibilities of the great and wealthy or exciting the risibility of the general spectator. How comfortable, sensible and continental would it be if all classes could claim a similar "benefit of clergy"! And in claiming and being allowed such benefit of clergy, it might be made a *sine qua non* that every claimant should guarantee to appear in public with none other wide-awake but one of strictly orthodox shape, texture and condition; or it might be objected that the clergy would otherwise still claim a distinction between their costume and that of an ordinary layman, and that the latter individual was after all only pretending to be what he was not, and was not honestly and simply consulting personal comfort of attire. But let it not be supposed that I am going in for the wide-awake or for any other hat at present manufactured, and giving it indiscriminate praise as being superior in every respect to the chimney-pot. Very far from it, for I have lately seen worn very much both in town and in the country a natty specimen of the wide-awake order, but of stiff calibre and of drab colour, which I have greatly admired but which does not at all realise my idea of a hat which may be worn anywhere and at all times. I have a specimen of this kind myself; but, though comfortable enough and respectable looking, I only wear it in the country, or of a morning. It has an unbusiness-like look about it, and I feel that a respectable city merchant or a Belgravian mother on either of whom I might be making a business call, say to negotiate a loan in the one case, or to undertake the educational career of Master Charles in the other, I should be regarded with grave suspicion, and not improbably be compelled to return to my lodgings with the unsatisfactory information that I should hear further from them in case, after due consideration, my propositions were favourably entertained. Now, my Lord Tomnoddy may and does wear a hat of this sort wherever and whenever he likes, and no kind of objection is made to his so doing; why then, should I be objected to for wearing the same style of hat occasionally when I can adduce the very excellent reason that I am thereby making my chimney-pot last me a longer time? But what a power is a handle to your name, or a good account at your banker's! The possession of either of these will enable a man to wear any kind of hat, and be as eccentric or otherwise as he chooses.

Mais revenons. I am forgetting the title of my paper, and entering upon a dissertation upon hats in general, which is not my present intention. No doubt I could write something vastly entertaining upon the subject of hats and hatters, as well as of my experiences of both; but now I wish to enter my protest against the chimney-pot alone, and to detail, as well as I can, the sad history of one particular hat of that abominable breed, upon which I prided myself that I had at last found one that really suited me, and was the *ne plus ultra* of the hat-making profession. I could also relate what wonderful discoveries have been made of individuals, who have been supposed to be lost in London, by the identification of their hats, which they had mislaid. The phrase "Who's your hatter?" is supposed to have originated entirely from the late Mr. Briggs, who was murdered in a railway-carriage on the North London line, having lost his hat in the scuffle with his murderer, who took it up in mistake for his own, when making his escape after having perpetrated that atrocious deed. The eccentric clergyman, Mr. Speke, whose friends hastily concluded that he had been inveigled into one or other of the numerous slums that are to be found in the classic vicinity of Westminster, was traced by the discovery of his hat with the London maker's name in it, which he had left behind him, while he himself was all the time quietly vegetating somewhere in the provinces. But *ex duobus discite multos*, from these two examples learn that many lost individuals have been recovered by means of their hats; and that is about all that I can say in praise or extenuation of the chimney-pot. For an amusing as well as an instructive account of hats and hat-making, the reader may be referred to a back number of a periodical, in which it was pointed out what a great opportunity there was for an enterprising hatter to produce or invent something in that line that should supply the want which all men confess is needed; something that should be light and durable, yet not so light as to be liable to be blown away at the corner of any street; something which should combine the qualifications of gentlemanliness and gracefulness of appearance, of sufficiency of height and unobjectionableness of depth. Alas! where is such a hat to be found? What hatter, metropolitan or provincial, has yet been discovered who has been able to solve this difficult problem in the history of the hat?

I have been a most unfortunate man in my experience of hats, though I have been a purchaser from the most approved makers for many years, and have even tested the manufacture of the shop from which emanated the hat of the unfortunate clergyman himself, to whom I have alluded. Among the many other ways in which I have been called upon to serve my Queen and country has been one in the capacity of a vestryman. I am aware that many a respectable citizen considers an election to such a responsible position a high honour; and I am also aware that many such a citizen has had reason to regret his exaltation afterwards. Such was my case, but my regret was occasioned chiefly by the loss of my hat, and not, as I hear sometimes happens among these useful members of the community, from any unpleasantness or ill-feeling that had been engendered amongst us. Ours was a parish of some importance, and it may be presumed that as each of the vestrymen fully appreciated the dignity conferred upon him as one of its representatives in what we termed—or the newspapers did for

us—our local parliament, he would have scorned to make his appearance at any of our meetings in any other hat than a chimney-pot.

At one of these meetings I placed my nonpareil amongst those of the rest of my brother vestrymen, considering that no one would be likely to mistake my exquisite article for his own. But vestrymen, no more than honourable members of a more exalted assembly "in another place," are remarkable for strict decorum of manners, or more amenable to the laws regarding *neum* and *tuum* in such trifling matters as hats, coats, and umbrellas. In the hurry, or rather the rush of departure, which was frequently made with an alacrity unbecoming so august an assemblage, guess my chagrin when I shortly afterwards discovered that I had taken up and worn away a hat that did not belong to me! The next day I betook me to my hatters, and found that my own hat had already been sent there for the purpose of enlargement to suit the superior cranium of my brother vestryman, and that the operation had been performed before my arrival. This turned out to be a sad misfortune for me, as my story will subsequently show. I, of course, rendered up my improperly obtained possession, and my own property was at once returned to me in its enlarged condition, much too large for my possibly undeveloped knowledge-box. Still, not altogether displeased with the transaction, for the hat was, after all, a new one, I ventured to wear it on the following Sunday evening to a place of public worship, about five miles distant from my home. It was a rash thing to do, perhaps, but *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and, besides, in this case it was *aut Caesar aut nullus*. I must either wear the hat or not go to church, for I had no other at all fit for the occasion or the day. Like the state of affairs recorded in the celebrated song of "The Bay of Biscay, O!" "the night was drear and dark," and, moreover, very wet and windy, a storm having come on shortly after I left home.

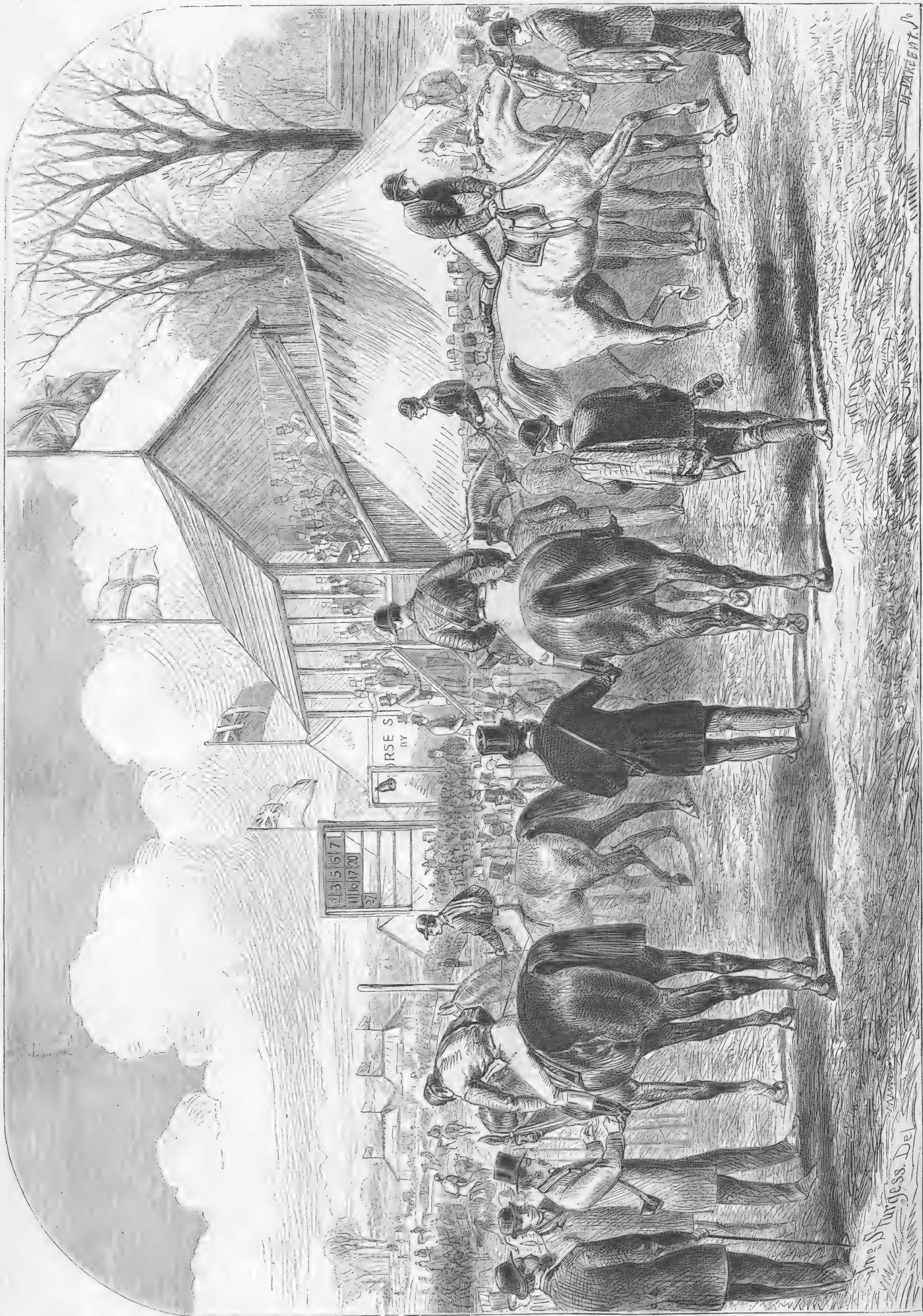
I had nearly accomplished my journey and reached the church, when on endeavouring to weather the Cape of Good Hope of nearly the last corner, a sudden gust of wind carried my *chapeau* clean off my head; and I had the misery of seeing it, by the aid of a friendly gas-light, bounding and rebounding in every direction, now against the area rails and now down the area steps as I imagined. I have often thought how much worse a calamity it might have proved if I had worn a wig. It would have been another case of Johnny Gilpin:—

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little thought when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

There was of course, this difference between the late Mr. Gilpin and myself, that he was on horseback whilst I was on foot, and I was in pursuit of my hat whilst he was in pursuit of nothing in particular that I am aware of, or of which his history makes mention. I made inquiries at every immediate house after my lost treasure, but without effect; perhaps the inmates seeing a man, without any head-covering except what Nature had liberally supplied him with, asking after a hat on a boisterous Sunday evening, put me down at once for an escaped lunatic, and shut their doors incontinently in my face. Here was a pleasant predicament for an honourable member of a parish vestry board, five miles from home on a wet and stormy night. I might at least have furnished the London cads with a new street-cry of "The vestryman with a tile off," for I was in a sufficiently distracted condition and state of mind as to have warranted any such ejaculation.

In my deplorable dilemma I bethought me of a friend who lived close by, and to him I repaired in the delusive hope of finding some alleviation of my misfortunes. He was not at home, but I procured from the house the loan of an old hat, and once more set out on my travels. Unfortunately my friend's hat was as much too small for me as the lost one was too large. I held it tight on to my head, however, thinking, as did the sailor in the storm that any port was agreeable, that any hat was better than none. I held it on till I got to the railway station, and congratulating myself that my present troubles were over, took my place in the carriage for home. Alas! I had yet to walk some distance to my home after having been taken as far as the train could carry me. I couldn't keep both my hands to my head during the driving rain and wind for ever like the Indian Fakier, who we are told in old story books did so till the circulation of the blood stopped, his nails grew to be talons, and his arms withered and became stiff, so that he could not take them down again. Consequently in turning the corner of another street this hat also left me lamenting, reminding one of the borrowed plumes in the fable. This time, however, I was more fortunate than before; for two men met the hat in mid career, and restored it to me whom they conjectured to be the rightful owner from the ludicrous fact that the lining of the thing was still sticking to my hatless head. I am happy to say that I shortly afterwards sent back the hat to my friend in a whole and perfectly sound condition. Since that memorable but melancholy occasion I have met with many minor but amusing adventures and accidents with hats, and probably shall continue to do so until I can be accommodated with some article which shall combine the requisites I have already mentioned; but as I am not a hatter I cannot suggest the kind of thing I exactly require. I may, however, throw out a hint or two.

I may remark that the subject of hats has occupied many of my waking hours, and that I have been haunted in my dreams with a nightmare of those indispensable articles. An expert tailor can manufacture clothes that will suit the figures and forms of his customers, provided always they do not consult their own tastes but rely on his judgment. There is nothing which so disfigures a man as an ill-fitting hat, and if that part of his dress be disregarded he will in vain endeavour to make up for it through the aid of the tailor. Why cannot the two artists unite their joint interests, and each derive benefit by mutual suggestions towards turning out a costume which may be thoroughly befitting a gentleman? I use the word "befitting" advisedly and with no sort of intention of making an attempt at perpetrating a mild pun. If two such artists in dress should together visit the seaside or the continent during the general tour-making season, they might observe how each spoils the other's handiwork, and collect some rare models for the construction of future Guys for the fifth of November, if they did nothing else. But if they would especially desire to see how a top-hat can spoil any costume and make the worst of itself, let them attentively regard a promising youth of this country touring with his parents during the holidays. It has always struck me that it never looks more ridiculous, in its present form, than upon such a personage when he is got up for a great occasion. Let me say in conclusion that an enterprising hat-maker who would give his attention to this matter and adapt his manufacture to the forms of his wearers—I mean the generality of them, for I would not interfere with clerical costume—in some sort of manner as that I have proposed, would soon make a handsome fortune, and command an amount of custom unparalleled in the hat trade. The great object of a man who wishes to be well-dressed should undoubtedly be not to appear in any one point peculiar; but my ideal hatter should, because of his beneficence to his species, be distinguished from the rest of mankind by a cardinal's hat, and show up in the Row and the principal streets in a brougham or some other distinguishing curriole, with horses and harness to match, after the manner of the late Mr. Holy, the eminent bootmaker.



STEEPLE-CHASE SKETCHES. No. II.—The Enclosure.

Wm. Burgess. Del.

H. Kent. Sc.



SINGULAR INCIDENT WITH THE COUNTY LIMERICK STAG-HOUNDS.

J. STURGES. DEL.

SINGULAR INCIDENT WITH THE COUNTY LIMERICK STAGHOUNDS.

A SINGULAR incident occurred the other day during a run with the Co.-Limerick Staghouids, which our artist has produced with considerable fidelity, and which we are sure will interest our readers. The story is told by one of our contemporaries as follows:—

"On Saturday last the buckhounds of Mr. Gubbins, of Limerick, met at Kilmallock Hill, and a splendid red buck, which had been caught in the mountains of Killarney, was, like a rule in Queen's Bench, 'enlarged' for the occasion. After a run of four miles straight across country, and without a single check, the gallant quarry found refuge in a large brake of briars at the rear of Ashill Towers. The hounds missed the scent, passed him, and had to be cast. While the cast was making, however, and the field waiting, the buck broke cover, and dashed through a thick plantation, at the end of which he was met by the top of the field. Straight in his path was a Mr. Clement Ryan, of Scarteen, who was mounted on a splendid horse, standing seventeen hands high, and valued at 200 guineas. The old buck—finding horse and rider in his path—rose on his hind legs, lowered his antlers, and struck the horse full in the chest. Mr. Ryan was thrown violently from his saddle, but fortunately escaped without a scratch. The wounded horse reared, plunged violently, and fell dead on the spot. 'If thou be hurt by tusk of boar,' runs the old doggerel, 'A barber shall thee save; If thou be hurt by horn of hart, It brings thee to thy grave.' Fortunately for Mr. Ryan, no occasion has arisen to test the truth of this old hunters' catch, but perhaps even the most enthusiastic pig-sticker who ever yet fetched 'first blood' will now, perhaps, admit that the chase, as carried on in the mother country, can show dangers of its own such as might well put even the oldest shikaree on his mettle. To face the full charge of an infuriated red buck needs almost as much nerve as to shoot a tiger from the secure coign of vantage afforded by an elephant's back."

Much sympathy was felt at the loss sustained by Mr. Ryan, as his owner had but recently refused £150 for the fine 16st. weight-carrier by Joco, which met such an untimely end.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER XXV. (Concluded.)

THE continuance of the Kilkenny plays, from the year 1802 to 1819 inclusive, is a substantial proof of their merits; and their successful career can alone be attributed to the attractions they possessed. Some for a while might flock to the theatre, to cheer a friend more than applaud an actor. Charity for a while might induce others to become spectators, and as she "covers a multitude of sins," might have forgiven a multitude of faults; but fourteen returning seasons of dull exhibition would have outlasted any mortal friendship, or any Christian Charity. In addition to the talent of the performers, there was one feature which tended greatly to the success of the performances, namely, an absence of jealousy, and a willingness to support the general good by individual sacrifices. Thus we find Lord Mountjoy descending from 'Orlando' in *As You Like It* to 'Roger' in *The Mayor of Garratt*, and a 'Drinking Gentleman' in *The School for Scandal*. Sir J. Strange, after performing 'Inkle' in *Inkle and Garico*, did not think it beneath his dignity to appear as one of 'Macheath's' gang in the *Beggar's Opera*; while Mr. Becher doffed his Roman garb as 'Cassius,' and donned the livery of 'Richard' in *Raising the Wind*; Lord Monck, after making a hit in 'Moses' in the *School for Scandal*, would walk on as the 'Tailor' in *Katharine and Petruchio*; Mr. Rothe would appear as 'King Lear,' 'Pierre,' 'Mark Anthony,' the 'Ghost' in *Hamlet*, 'Falkland' in the *Rivals*, and 'Horatio'; Mr. R. Power proved his loyalty to the cause by taking the part of 'Brush' in the *Clandestine Marriage*, after acting 'Hamlet,' 'Iago,' 'Macbeth,' 'Rollo,' and 'Romeo.' Mr. Crampton, after performing 'Petruchio,' would appear as 'Harlequin, or the Favourite Lover' in a comic ballet; Mr. Tighe, "the Jew that Shakspeare drew," would take 'David' in the *Rivals*, and 'Duncanunna' in *Tom Thumb*.

Nor were the ladies less anxious to make themselves generally useful. Miss O'Neill, of whom it was said in the closing epilogue:—

And ere she fill'd the highest niche of fame,
Our praise prophetic of her future fame,
Here fair O'Neill, with nature, feeling, charm'd
And won the wisest, and the coldest warm'd.

This lady, afterwards Lady Becher, paid as much attention to the part of 'Maria' in the *Citizen* as she did to those glorious creations, 'Juliet,' 'Desdemona,' and 'Belvidera.' Miss Walstein did not think it derogatory to play 'Fanny' in the *Clandestine Marriage*, 'Kitty' in *High Life below Stairs*, 'Nell' in the *Devil to Pay*, after charming the audience in the parts of 'Rosalind,' 'Lady Macbeth,' 'Constance' in *King John*, and 'Portia.' Miss Stephens "poured her sweetest warblings" as 'Ophelia,' and 'Margaretta' in *No Song no Supper*. On the 3rd and 19th of October, 1810, Mr. Moore recited a "Melologue on National Music," written by himself; and a more beautiful composition, or more delightful piece of recitation was never heard. The "bard of Erin's" voice was to a degree musical, his accents pure, his elocution articulate, and his manner simple, spirited, and feeling. The effects of hearing the national strains of Ireland were variously and appropriately described, according to the peculiar character of each country. The allusion to his native land was painfully pathetic. As it was said at the time, "the composition was conceived in the genius of poetry, and delivered with all the fire of patriotism." The critics of the day pronounced the performances to be worthy of the regular boards, and there can be no doubt that such a phalanx of amateur talent never before appeared, and probably never will again. Although there exists at the present time some excellent actors, we question much whether they would be able effectively to put upon the stage the pieces—tragic, operatic, and comic—in which the Kilkenny corps dramatique excelled. In addition to the amusement afforded to the inhabitants of Kilkenny, its neighbourhood, and the country at large, considerable sums were distributed in charity. In addition to a gift of £100 presented to the charitable institutions of Kilkenny from the private subscriptions of the Theatrical Society, the amount handed over to the above was as follows:—"Received from the year 1802 to 1808 inclusive, £1,678 11s. 6½d." In 1817 the receipts of eight performances amounted to £1,040. Besides which, the balls and sermons during the theatrical season generally averaged £100 each; so in round numbers the institutions may be said to have benefited £5,000 by the performances.

In 1808 Anacreon Moore joined the company, and remained with it until the close of the season of 1810, during which period he appeared as 'David' in *The Rivals*, 'Shado' in *The Castle of Andalusia*, 'Trudge' in *Inkle and Garico*, 'Peeping Tom,' 'Mungo' in *The Paddock*, 'Sadi' in *The Mountaineers*, 'Risk' in *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*, 'La Gloire' in *The Surrender of Calais*, 'Sam' in *Raising the Wind*, 'Robin' in *Fortune's Follies*,

and 'Walter' in *The Children in the Wood*. In addition to which he recited a "Melologue on National Music," and a prologue written by himself. The critics thus spoke of Mr. Moore's talents as an actor:—"Peeping Tom was admirably supported, but the delight and darling of the Kilkenny audience appears to be Anacreon Moore. The vivacity and naivete of his manner, the ease and archness of his humour, and the natural sweetness of his voice have quite enamoured us." He speaks and moves in a way that indicates genius in every turn. Again, "Mr. Moore's 'Risk' was as happy as any other of his performances. His presence always animates the stage. The melody of his voice, the easy yet modest self-possession of his manner, and his peculiar enjouement make him one of the most interesting actors on the stage. His songs were, as usual, all encored." "Mr. Moore, as 'David' (*Rivals*) kept the audience in a roar by his Yorkshire dialect and rustic simplicity. "*The Children in the Wood* was chosen for the afterpiece, to give Mr. Moore an opportunity of exhibiting in 'Walter,' that combination of humour and feeling with which the character abounds; in all of which he was very successful, his songs being loudly encored. Mr. Moore made his first appearance on any stage as 'David' in *The Rivals*. On his last appearance at Kilkenny he took leave of the audience in the following song:—

"Here at the shrine* we lov'd so long,
To-night we breathe our parting song;
And while our hearts with sorrow swell,
We bid our partial friends farewell.
Farewell, farewell, farewell."

There is a wide difference between performances got up in a public or private theatre erected for such entertainments, and those which take place merely in drawing rooms; and amateurs who only appear in the latter, act under great disadvantages. In the first place, good scenery and decorations add much to the effect; moreover a pit and gallery audience are much more demonstrative than the occupiers of boxes, and applause brings out the energies of the aspirant for dramatic fame. Sir Percy Shelley has a regular theatre at his house at Boscombe; Sir Baldwin Leighton has one at Loton Park; there was, and probably is one at Woburn Abbey; and there are many others with which we are not acquainted. In London numerous drawing-rooms, under the magic wand of Messrs. Simmons, of York Street, Covent Garden, have been converted into temporary theatres; and perhaps the best have been at Lady Collier's, at the Countess of Caithness', at Mrs. Milner-Gibson's, at the late Sir Thomas Talfourd's, at Wm. Gillett's, Esq.; and in the country there is scarcely an ancestral home in which performances have not been got up. It would be invidious to select the names of the talented ladies who have won the highest histrionic honours, and who, to adopt a theatrical phrase, could command a salary at a regular theatre; moreover, many who have appeared in private would shrink from being brought into notice. We may however refer to a few who have come forward in the cause of charity on the public boards, before paying audiences; and we will head the list with the name of the Hon. Mrs. Wrottesley, whose acting is incomparable. Then again—I give the list alphabetically—the Hon. Mrs. Burges, Miss Barker, Hon. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan, Miss Marion Ely, Mrs. and Miss Milner-Gibson, Lady William Lennox, Lady Barrett Lennard, Miss Ada Musgrave, Mrs. Monkton, Miss Middlemass, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Brook Taylor, Hon. Misses Wilbraham, merit a high niche in the Temple of Fame; and here I must not omit an artist who in French and English was never surpassed,—I allude to Lady Sebright. Of gentlemen amateurs, all I can say is their name is "legion." Among them may be mentioned—Brandram, Esq., W. Bradstreet, Esq., Sir Henry de Bathe, Lord Eliot, Captain Fitz-George, J. Gallatin, Esq., Herbert Gardner, Esq., T. Knox Holmes, Esq., Sir Baldwin Leighton, Captain C. Lennox, Augustus Savile Lumley, Esq., Captain MacCalmont, Earl of Onslow, Viscount Pollington, Cecil Peel, Esq., Hon. Spenser Ponsonby, Hon. F. Ponsonby, Palgrave Simpson, Esq., C. Stewart, Esq., J. Spalding, Esq., Colonel the Hon. C. Theriger, Quintin Twiss, Esq., F. Wolley, Esq., Weguelin, Esq.

To show how ignorant a portion of our Continental neighbours were with respect to the English Drama, I must by way of an episode lay before my readers an instance which occurred in Paris, as recently as the year 1822. I quote from an official announcement:—

"French Police. The comedy of *John Bull* was announced about a week since by the English players in Paris. It was thought too scandalous that profligacy and knavery should on the stage be made the characteristic of the rich and great—virtue, honesty, and independence, that of the poor; and accordingly the prefect of police addressed the following 'invitation' to the manager:—

"Sir, I am informed that the piece called *John Bull* to be represented this evening by the English players under your management is a gross farce, and might produce bad effects. I 'invite' you, in consequence, to change the performance, and substitute a less indecent piece.

"Receive, &c.

"G. DE LAYARE, Prefect of Police."

What George Colman, the Censor of our drama and the author of *John Bull*, one of our best English comedies, thought of the French authorities I know not; but when they talked of indecencies he certainly might have retaliated by referring to pieces applauded on the Parisian boards, which would not be tolerated in our country.

The theatricals got up by the late Earl Fitzhardinge at Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewksbury, and occasionally at the Tottenham Court, now the Prince of Wales' Theatre, were extremely good, as his lordship spared no expense in bringing out the pieces. He was supported by the late Lord Fitzhardinge, the Hon. Granville Berkeley, the late Augustus Berkeley, Dawkins, and Austin, all of whom were first-rate amateurs. Upon more than one occasion, the late Duke of Beaufort took part in them, and showed his versatility of talent by acting 'Capio' and 'O'Clogerty' in the farce of *Matrimony*. The repertoire consisted of *Julius Caesar*, *Cymbeline*, *New way to pay old Debts*, *Henry IV. 1st part*, *The Wonder*, *The Knights of the Cross*, *Katherine and Petruchio*, *Simpson and Co.*, *Mayor of Garrath*, &c. At Campden House, Kensington, the seat of F. Wolley, Esq., which was unfortunately destroyed by fire, the performances were excellent; the host, his sister-in-law, and his lamented wife were aided by the best talent the metropolis could produce, forming a corps dramatique which for talent was scarcely ever exceeded. Mrs. Freahe has given some exquisite performances at the bijou theatre in her mansion, Cromwell House: here, poor Charles Dickens got up a play, a few weeks previous to his decease; and on these boards, honoured by the presence of royalty, plays and tableaux have delighted large and fashionable audiences. The "old stagers" form unquestionably the best amateur corps of the day; like the Kilkenny company of old, they work well together, and give a helping hand to one another. Mr. T. Knox Holmes, who is *nulli secundus*, will act 'Puff' in the evening, after having laid the cloth as a French waiter in the opening drama; nor is this a solitary instance—Woolwich, Chatham, and Portsmouth garrisons often furnish good entertainments, and throughout our colonies "the play's the thing."

* Alluding to a bust of Shakspeare on the back of the stage.

Coursing.

PODESTA, the property of Mr. J. S. Prince, of Hilton, Derby, visited Mr. R. Musk's Mishop at Newmarket last week.

ANDROSSAN CLUB.—The spring meeting of this highly popular club will take place on February 10, on lands at Kilmarnock, by kind permission of the Earl of Glasgow. The principal stake will be a 32 for all ages, with a cup of £30 value added by the Earl of Eglinton. There will also be the silver collar of the club to run for.

DEATH OF MR. HENRY HARDMAN.—Another well-known and respected courser has passed away, viz., Mr. Henry Hardman, who died at Gisbourne, Yorkshire, on the 15th inst. For many years he was president of the Ridgway Club, but ill-health has for some seasons prevented his attending its meetings. His genial disposition made him an especial favourite with the members of the club, and his admirable judgment on all matters affecting its welfare was thoroughly appreciated and relied on.

WIGTOWNSHIRE COURSING CLUB.—The Earl of Galloway, vice-president, has written to the secretary of this flourishing club to say that for various reasons, which he enumerates, he regrets to state that he can no longer place the lands of Baldoon (in the lower district of the county) at the disposal of the club for their winter or spring meetings. Both the spring and the autumn meetings of the club will, in all probability, now be held on the lands of Culhorn (Lord Stair's, president of the club), in the upper district of the county.

TADCASTER OPEN MEETING will be held in the last week in February.

NORTH OF ENGLAND CLUB MEETING.—The second meeting this season of this club was held over the estate of Squire Silvertop at Minsteracres on Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. R. C. Vyner, of Fairfield, was on Monday night unanimously elected a member of the club.

SIDWOOD MEETING.—Monday, January 25.—A sixteen-dog stake only was contested, and it was divided between Mr. Fair-lamb's Meg Merrilies, by Pride of Avon out of Stumpy, and Mr. W. Foster's Flora, by Smuggler out of Forest Flower. Mr. Hedley was judge, and T. Bootiment slipper.

RIVERDALE (BELLINGHAM) MEETING.—Tuesday, January 19.—In wild and stormy weather the Riverdale Stakes, of sixteen dogs, was run through, and hares being plentiful, though wild, some capital trials were witnessed. Ultimately, Mr. J. Dixon's nomination, Chronometer, by Patent Lever out of Cowslip, and Mr. H. Dixon's Diamond King, by Dally Not out of Meg, divided. Mr. Hedly both rode and judged well, and W. Sander-son slipped capitably under difficult circumstances.

FLOTTERTON MEETING.—Tuesday and Wednesday, January 19 and 20.—Commenced over Mr. J. D. Weallen's estate on Tuesday, and concluded on the following day. There was an abundance of game, good sport, and a couple of thirty-two dog stakes were got through. The Rothbury Stakes were won by Mr. Roth-bury's Sam Wylie, by Willie Wylie out of Small Hopes; Mr. T. Bonner's nomination, Barbella, by Bendimere out of Barmad, running up. The Flotterton Cup was divided between Mr. W. Henderson's Headsman, by Regulus out of Dora, and Mr. M. Henderson's Onward, by Bendimere out of Kitty. Mr. Thomas Coxon was judge, and T. Bootiman slipper.

UPPER NITHSDALE MEETING.—Thursday and Friday, January 21 and 22.—Held over the lands of the Duke of Buccleuch, the meet on the first day being at Kirklands Farm, and on Friday at Tibbers Farm. Hares were very plentiful, and some capital coursing resulted. Dr. Dougall won the Buccleuch Cup with Avon Queen, by Bendimere out of Avon Side, Mr. D. J. Paterson running up with Polly Perkins, by Kinmount Willie out of Maggie May. For the Nithsdale Cup, Mr. Carlyle's Gleneagle, by Cashier out of Miss Alice, beat Mr. Wardrop's Wee-Wee, by Smuggler out of Stellaria; and in the Drumlanrig Stakes Mr. Weightman's Harry Bassett, by Past Master out of Honest Meg, defeated Mr. W. Kennedy's Kinfauns, by Cyclone out of Vanish. Mr. G. Lindsay made an excellent judge, and Gavin Lindsay a capital slipper.

DARLINGTON CLUB MEETING.—Tuesday, January 19.—To-day the postponed meeting from the 12th instant (when the first round in the Kipling Cup, of twenty-eight dogs, was got through over the Kipling Park Estate of the Hon. W. C. Carpenter, at Seaton, near Richmond, Yorkshire) was resumed again over Mr. Backhouse's property at Middleton Lodge, Middleton Tyas, near Richmond. The weather was wretchedly wet and windy, and only a dozen courses could be got through, so that Mr. W. Wright's Marie Stuart, Mr. J. Scott's Welcome, Mr. J. Wilson's Wilful, and Mr. R. Maw's Gipsy Chief, were left in to run off the fourth round and the deciding course on Saturday last, when Wilful, by Veiled Prophet out of Blanche, won from Marie Stuart. Mr. Stephenson again officiated as judge, and Mr. T. Thompson as slipper.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—Owing to the great shooting meeting now being held at Monaco, and at which several of the members of the International Gun and Polo Club are competing, there will be no shooting at Preston until Saturday, the 6th of February.

THE POLO BALL AT BRIGHTON.—The international fancy dress polo ball will be held in the Brighton Pavilion on Easter Tuesday, under distinguished auspices, the list of lady patronesses including the Duchess of Manchester and the Duchess of Hamilton. It is expected that this ball will be the most brilliant ever held in Brighton.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT MONACO.—The principal event of the meeting was brought to a close on the 25th inst. It was the Grand Prix du Casino, an *objet d'art* of the value of 3,000fr. and 20,000fr. (£800) added to a sweepstakes of 125fr. each. The second best shot received 4,010fr. from the prize and 25 per cent of the entrance money; the third received 2,000fr. and 25 per cent, and the fourth 1,000 fr. and 15 per cent. The 82 competitors had 20 blue rocks each, 10 at 27 yards, and 10 at 30 yards. After an exciting struggle the first prize was won by Captain Aubrey Patton, a member of the International Gun and Polo Club; the second by Sir Frederick Johnstone, the third by Comte B. de Montesquieu, and the fourth by Mr. C. Wilson. Captain Patton and Sir Frederick killed 17 out of 20, and in shooting off Captain Patton won at the first shot. Captain Patton shot with a central fire by Grant, and Sir Frederick Johnstone with one by Purdey. The birds, supplied by Hammond, were the best Lincolnshire blue rocks. The weather was fine.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE CHOLMLEY'S STUD.—It is stated that the fine studs at Boynton and Newton, in fact the whole of the well-known breeding establishment and its belongings, will come under the hammer of the auctioneer in the course of a few months—an event which will prove of great importance to the sporting world.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviate the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[Advrt.]

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Jan. 27.

A SUMMER temperature and a cloudless sky contributed largely to the success of the first Nice *réunion*, held on Wednesday last. The attendance was especially numerous, the *éclat* du *péage* swarming with the various Russian Princes, Moldavian *Bojars*, Turkish Pachas, Italian Excellences, German *Grafs*, Spanish *Grandees*, French *Gentilhommes*, and English *Milors* now domiciled in this Tronville of the South. The fair sex also was most brilliantly represented, and the peasantry of the locality stood aghast at some of the magnificent toilettes worn by the *belles* who graced the meeting with their presence. First came the Prix des Haras, a hedge race, which Courseuse de Nuit, belonging to Baron Finot, won easily by two lengths, Mr. Rickaby's Atropos securing the second, place, and third honours falling to Jennings's Conde, who ran remarkably badly. Eight horses started for the Grand Prix de Monaco (steeple-chase), which Baron Finot's Nestor gained by a short neck; M. B.—s Niche, remarkably well ridden by Mitchell, coming in second; and Marin securing the third place. The finish was a remarkably fine one, and the pace throughout most severe. The five competitors, who were not placed, were Dominies, Mayou, Admiral, Glos, and Conquerant—the two latter coming to grief at the wall. The day's sport concluded with a selling steeple-chase—the Prix du Conseil Général, which Mr. W. Alexander's Quateronne won in a canter; Bariolette being second. Enfant de Troupe fell in front of the tribunes, just as his partisans were counting on his success.

The weather was somewhat gloomy, and there was even a little rain on Sunday—the day fixed for the second *réunion*. The ladies' dresses were consequently less brilliant than on Wednesday, although one did notice a few charming toilettes, such as that of Madame d'Abzac, an elegant robe in *velours frappé*, of the tint known as *Tabac d'Espagne*, trimmed with *crevés* of sea-blue *faillie* and edged with *renard bleu*. On this occasion the Russian element seemed to predominate in the *éclat* du *péage*. Baron Finot's Marin easily gained the Prix de Monte-Carlo; Conquerant securing the second, and Monaco, the third place. There was a more interesting struggle for the railway company's prize—a hedge race—which resulted first of all in a dead heat between Clairvoyant, ridden by Mitchell, and Mayou, ridden by Tailor Bariolette and Laird of Holywell being completely defeated. At the second trial there was an animated struggle between the two rivals—eventually Clairvoyant darted ahead, and won by about half a length. Niche gained the Prix du Cercle Massena by 20 lengths; Chancelier being second, and Condé third.

The Great International Pigeon Match held at Monaco came to a close on Monday. The struggle was remarkably animated, but the honours of the day eventually fell to the English marksmen, who secured the 1st, 2nd, and 4th prizes. The first, a handsome silver cup, worked by Froment-Meurice, together with a sum of £663 fell to Captain Patton (18 birds out of 21), who is also said to have won £1,000 in bets. The second, £262, was secured by Sir Frederick Johnstone, originally "first favourite," and who brought down 17 birds out of the 21. The Comte de Montesquiou-Fezensac (16 out of 22 birds) was the winner of the third prize, a sum of £182; while the fourth was gained by Mr. Wilson (15 out of 22 birds), and whose share in the stakes amounted to about £102. The Duc d'Aosta, who was present, warmly congratulated Captain Patton on his success. The match was originally established in 1872, when M. Lorrillart secured the first prize. In 1873 it fell to Mr. Jee, and in 1874 to Sir William Call. Among this year's unsuccessful competitors I may mention the Comte de Lamberte, Colonel Orloff, Captain Fane, the Prince de Furstemburg, Prince Charles de Ligne, and Count Jaraczewski. Speaking of Monaco, I may mention that the *roulette* is still very frequented. The bank has already won back £12,000 out of the £20,000 recently gained by Freiherr von Eichthal. Among the most assiduous feminine *habitués* one may name Céline Chaumont—*la Petite Marquise*. I am very sorry to say that "Tata's" luck is none of the best.

During the last three months of 1874, France exported 14,923 horses abroad. Of these 7,831 went to England, 2,003 to Belgium, 2,494 to Germany, 391 to Italy, and 1,421 to Switzerland. They represented in value a total sum of £503,000. The value of France's equine exports during the corresponding period of 1867 was only £100,000.

A considerable sensation has been caused in sporting circles by the Prefect of the Côte d'Or closing, in that department, the hunting at the same time as the shooting season, in spite of an *arrêté* of the Minister of the Interior, formally authorising the prolongation of *la chasse à courre*. The Côte d'Or's disciples of St. Hubert intend bringing the matter before the notice of the Council of State.

There has been no dearth of theatrical novelties this week. Taking the *premieres* in chronological order, the first that calls for notice is that of *Mademoiselle Duparc*, a four act comedy, by M. Louis Denayrouse, at the Gymnase. M. Denayrouse is almost unknown as a playwright. His first work, *La Belle Paule*, a one act trifle in verse, was originally interpreted at the Bal lande *matinée*, and eventually had the honour of being played at the Comédie Française. His new effort, *Mdlle. Duparc*, appeared under the auspices of Dumas fils, who, it is said, had a hand in revising and arranging it. Spite, however, of its august patronage, it has proved little more than a *succès d'estime*. It bears evident traces of Dumas' handiwork, commencing in much the same style as *La Princesse Georges*. The Count de Meursolles, although a married man, is in love with Mdlle. Duparc, the governess of his children. The honour of the latter is still intact at the moment when the curtain rises, but the countess believes her to be her husband's mistress. How she is to win him back, is the problem that has been incessantly tormenting her. Shall she leave him, and appeal to law for a judicial separation; or shall she strive to regain his affection by patience and resignation. At this moment, the count and countess are visited by the Baron de Langlade, the *prefet* of their department, whose secretary, Monsieur Gontran, a mutton-headed Parisian *gommeux*, had known Mdlle. Duparc in another family, from which she was dismissed because the eldest son made love to her. Meeting the fascinating governess at Count de Meursolles, Gontran speaks to her as if she had been this young man's mistress. Scarcely have the obnoxious words passed his lips, than, turning round towards the guests who are assembled in the *salon*, Clothilde Duparc exclaims, "Madame la Comtesse, monsieur has insulted me. He says that I have been a man's mistress. If you believe him, dismiss me from your presence. If you believe me, let him leave the room." This *sortie* on the part of a governess is at once exaggerated and improbable; as is Gontran's previous language; although from a scenic point of view, they are both doubtless very effective. Remaining faithful to the conciliatory line of conduct she has resolved to adopt, the countess—although under the impression that "the man" to whom Gontran had alluded must be her own husband—takes the governess's part, and orders him to leave the *château*. The count maintains his wife's decision, and the *prefet*'s secretary stalks out in a passion, warning M. de Meursolles that he will soon receive a visit from two of his friends. On remaining alone with the governess, Mdlle. de Meursolles can

contain herself no longer,—she showers reproaches and insults upon the head of Mdlle. Duparc, who coldly responds that she is innocent. At length the countess consents to believe her, and it is settled that she shall remain in the house. The count is wounded in his duel with Gontran. Convalescence soon comes, and with it an increased passion for *la belle* Clothilde. The latter also feels her resolutions failing her, and to escape the danger resolves to accept a position that is offered to her in America. At this moment the count sends a message asking Mdlle. Duparc—whom he has not seen since his duel—to come and speak to him. The countess reluctantly—and in my eyes, incomprehensibly—authorises her to go to him. It is impossible to enter here into all the details of this part of the piece. Suffice to say that the Marquis d'Aubignac, Mdlle. de Meursolles's uncle, forbids her to go. "You insult me in your turn," exclaims Mdlle. Duparc. "Vous me poussez au mal." Take care you do not know me yet." Eventually in the fourth act, Clothilde has become the count's mistress. She has decided to go away with him, and cynically informs Mdlle. de Meursolles of her intention. "Eh bien," exclaims the latter, "why halt there? You are on the road of crime, follow it still further; you see this window, there is not a soul outside; I cannot kill myself, my religion forbids me to do so; but push me over the balcony, I will not offer the slightest resistance, I will not utter the least cry. . . . the count shall be a widower, and you his wife!" Mdlle. Duparc is involuntarily terrified on hearing this extraordinary proposal. "Eh bien," exclaims the countess in a delirious tone of voice, "you will not kill me, but still my blood shall fall upon your head;" and she springs forward to throw herself out of the window. Clothilde darts after her, seizes the train of her dress, holds her back, and falls at her feet overcome with shame and remorse. This is the principal situation of the piece. Clothilde takes a supreme resolution, and decides to enter a convent. As will be seen by this analysis, the piece is not without certain qualities, although at times very faulty. Like the *Princesse Georges*, its conclusion is very unsatisfactory. What can the future possibly reserve to Madame de Meursolles, in presence of a faithless husband, who will certainly never forgive her for having put an end to his culpable *amours*. Mdlle. Pierson played the part of the 'Countess,' Mdlle. Tallandier interpreting the rôle of 'Mdlle. Duparc'; F. Achard is 'Gontran'; Ravel, the 'Marquis de Aubignac'; and Villaray, the 'Count de Meursolles.'

The second *première* with which we have to deal this week is that of *Rose Michel*, a five-act melodrama by M. Ernest Blum, represented at the Ambigu Comique, and the leading part of which is played by Mdlle. Fargueil. *Rose Michel* is a *jeune du peuple*, who has married an avaricious rascal, Pierre Michel by name, and the keeper of a cabaret at Suresnes. The couple have an only daughter, of whom Rose is passionately fond. To preserve her from her father's brutality Rose has apprenticed her darling Louise to a M. Bernard, whose eldest son has fallen in love with her, and asks for her hand in marriage. M. Bernard consents to their union, and Rose arrives, at the opening of the 2nd act, to inform her husband of the circumstance. The only thing is that 200 livres (the scene is laid during the reign of Louis XV.) will be required for the bride's *trousseau*, for Rose does not like her daughter to enter Bernard's family as a pauper. On applying to Pierre for the money he at once refuses to give it. She knows, however, where the miser hides his store; but just as she has taken the sum that she requires, Pierre makes his appearance, and surprises her. He calls upon her to give him back the money, but she firmly refuses to do so. "Kill me if you like, Pierre," she says, "but I will not give it you back!" The exasperated monster throws himself upon his wife, and is about to strangle her when a knock is heard at the door. Forced to release her he bids her go into her own room, and then prepares to see who it is that demands admittance. The new arrival is a certain Comte de Grandchamp, as much a *miserable* as Pierre himself. The two are old friends. The Count has come to ask for an asylum for the night, for on the morrow he is to set forth on a journey to the coast, it being his intention to leave France, and take up his abode in America. A few gold pieces that Pierre catches sight of in the Count's purse awaken his cupidity. "Well, have you grown rich yet?" he negligently asks M. de Grandchamp. The latter imprudently informs his fellow-scurdrel that he has no less than 100,000 livres in notes on the *caisse du roi* in his pocket. When Grandchamp has gone to bed Pierre reflects that a *coup de couteau* is only necessary for all this money to become his own; and after a short mental struggle, in which the demon of crime wins the day, he creeps into the Count's room, knife in hand, ready to plant it in his victim's heart. On returning all covered with blood into his wretched sitting-room, he finds his wife stretched motionless upon the floor. She has been watching him, and, overcome with horror at witnessing the perpetration of the crime, has fainted away. On coming to herself, she springs half deliriously upon her husband, and with superhuman force holds him against the wall, shouting—"Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!" The monster, terrified to the utmost degree, scarcely dares to move, and refrains from committing a second crime, which would have rid him of the only person who witnessed the first. Morning comes, and the Bernards and Louise arrive to ask Pierre Michel's consent to the projected marriage. "Not a word!" whispers the villain in his wife's ear, "or Louise shan't marry young Bernard." Soon after the Comte de Grandchamp's body is discovered floating on the Seine. The Lieutenant of police opens an inquiry, and his agents come to the conclusion that the murderer must be a certain Comte de Buissey. There are strong presumptions against the latter. He is known to have been passionately in love with the Comtesse de Grandchamp, who had been abandoned by her husband. The fact is, that in order to protect the woman he loved from the menaces of her faithless husband, M. de Buissey arranged a meeting with the latter at his country house, at Suresnes. He offered him 100,000 livres to leave France, and never to return. M. de Grandchamp consented. The interview over, he knocked at Pierre Michel's door—and what subsequently transpired is already known to the reader. After long hesitations, which singularly compromise him, Comte de Buissey resolves to tell the whole truth to the magistrate who is inquiring into the *affaire*. The latter consequently concludes that M. de Grandchamp must have been murdered by a thief. But at this juncture the 100,000 livres which M. de Buissey declares he had given to M. de Grandchamp are found at his country house. They have been brought back by Rose Michel, who now dominates her husband, and compels him to reconstitute the money he has stolen. But her good intention is not productive of the result she had expected. The unaccountable presence of the 100,000 livres is regarded as a proof of M. de Buissey's culpability. To make him own his guilt, the Lieutenant of Police resolves to have him tortured, and *la question* is applied. On hearing his cries of agony, Rose feels she can protect her rascally husband no longer. She reveals the truth to the police, M. de Buissey is set at liberty, and Pierre Michel arrested. On the latter's attempting to escape from the *château* by a window, the *maréchaussée* fire upon him, and he is shot. The piece closes appropriately by the marriage of Louise Michel and young Bernard. *Rose Michel* has met, I may mention, with a complete success, Mdlle. Fargueil achieving a veritable triumph in the part of the heroine. M. Charly was also frequently applauded in the part of 'Pierre.' Certain scenes in *Rose Michel* remind one of a play called *Rupert*,

which, if I recollect rightly, was represented in London some years ago.

A third recent *première*, to which I can only just allude this week, not having sufficient space to give a detailed critique of it, is that of the *Trente millions de Gladiateur* at the Variétés. This novelty also has achieved a great success. I reserve an epitome of the plot until next week. The Théâtre Lyrique Dramatique has already withdrawn Edouard Cadol's unfortunate venture *La Famille*, and replaced it by Barrière's immortal *Filles de Marbre*, which draws I hear, crowded-houses in spite of the woefully inefficient cast. The other evening, the Opera revived *La Favorite*, for the *rentrées* of Faure and Mdlle. Rosine Bloch. The performance was a very brilliant one.

This evening we have a *première* at the Folies Dramatiques, where *La Fille de Madame Angot* has still been performed of late.

The novelty with which M. Cantin favours us is an *opéra-bouffe* entitled *La Blanchisseuse de Berg-ap-zoom*, music by Vasseur, the author of the *Timbale d'Argent*, and libretto by Chivot and Duru. The manager and the actors count on a very great success. The following in the cast:—'Guillemine,' Mme. Van-Ghell; 'Charlotte,' Mdlle. Tassilly; 'Louison,' Mdlle. Morel; 'Van-der-Prutt,' M. Milher; 'Van-Graff,' M. Mario Widmer; 'Peterboom,' M. Luco; 'Jokel,' M. Haymé; 'Bistercamp,' M. Vavasaur.

Mme. Judie's performances in *Mme. l'Archiduc* at the Bouffes have been interrupted this week owing to her having caught a bad cold. She reappears however on Friday. At the close of the month the Bouffes will give us *La Princesse de Trébizonde* with Mmes. Peschard and Théo in the leading rôles.

Dumas fils' engagement with the Gymnase has I hear come to an end, and is not to be renewed. On the other hand M. Montigny has made a contract with Sardou to supply his theatre with pieces. The author of *La Haine* is to receive, in addition to the customary *prime* and *droits d'auteur*, a fixed income of £300 a year. A gallery box is moreover assigned to him as his personal property during the whole duration of the contract. On the other hand he engages himself to work exclusively for the Théâtre du Gymnase.

The commission appointed to preside over the erection of Auber's monument has purchased the necessary ground in the Père la Chaise cemetery; and a *concours* is about to be opened, with the view of selecting a suitable design for the proposed tomb.

E. A. V.

Hunting.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS will meet on Tuesday next, the 2nd February, at Beckett House, Shrivenham, the seat of Lord Barrington, an influential member of the O. B. H. As it is several years since this pack met in the locality, and the fixture is within reach of the members of the V. W. H., Duke of Beaufort's, Craven, and Heythrop Hunts, a large gathering may be anticipated.

THE V. W. H.—The Vale of White Horse Hounds, under the popular mastership of Sir Wm. Throckmorton, have this season shown some excellent sport, particularly since the thaw. On the 9th inst. the meet was at Stanton Park, the seat of J. G. Grimwood, Esq., a capital preserver of foxes. On a move being made, a fox was immediately found, and afforded a splendid hunting run of three hours and ten minutes, when he was killed in the open. On the 23rd inst. the meet was in the Market Square, Highworth, where a large field assembled, including Sir Wm. Throckmorton, Lord Barrington, M.P., Lord Folkstone, M.P., the Earl of Craven, &c., &c. A fox of the right stamp was found at Fresden Copse, and after a fast run of two hours and five minutes was killed near the railway station at Uffington, in the Old Berks country. The hounds are in splendid condition, and the masterly manner in which they are handled by the huntsman, Bob Worrall, is a theme of general admiration. He is also a bold rider, and always "there or thereabouts" at the finish of the hardest run. It is to be regretted that Sir William has intimated his intention of retiring from the hunt at the termination of the present season.

PRESENTATION TO THE MASTER OF THE BROCKLESBY HUNT.—A few days ago, a most interesting event took place at Brocklesby Park, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, in the presentation to his lordship by his tenantry and friends, who are associated with him in the Brocklesby Hunt, a picture representative of a hunting group, in which his lordship is the prominent figure. Mr. Lutyns has produced a picture of admirable appropriateness, interesting in all its details, and whilst it gives the spectator a life-like portrait of the Earl, it introduces portraits of the Countess and the junior members of the family, which will make it one of the most interesting heirlooms of the noble house. The presentation, on behalf of the subscribers, was made by Mr. C. N. Nainby, who read an address which, in an illuminated form, was presented along with the picture. After the presentation, the company to nearly 300, a very large number of whom wore hunting costume, adjourned to the dining-hall and library, and there partook of luncheon. The noble Earl presided, having his seat in the centre of a raised table at the top end of the room, and having on either hand a number of ladies (including the Countess) and the junior members of the family. After luncheon had been discussed, his lordship on rising was received with the most enthusiastic applause. He briefly proposed the usual loyal toast, after which Sir John D. Astley gave "The Earl of Yarborough." The toast was a signal for further enthusiasm, which was loud and long continued. He spoke in highly flattering terms of his lordship as a landlord. The noble Earl, in responding, said there was nothing in which he took greater interest as a landlord, than in seeing his tenantry well housed. His wish was on his farms to get the labourer as near to his labour as possible. He did not believe in a man being able to do a day's work when he had to walk five or six miles to and from it. As to the hounds, he said, so long as he lived they would always be kept. From records he was looking at the other day, he found that they had been in the Pelham family since 1713, when a Mr. Pelham joined with two other gentlemen in keeping the pack. But they had been exclusively in his own family since 1746. After the expression of his thanks for the toast, his lordship sat down amidst the repetition of the ovation which had greeted him on his rising. Sir Charles H. J. Anderson then proposed "The Countess of Yarborough," who, he said, was one of the foremost and best of those of her sex who joined the field. The toast received a neat and graceful response from her ladyship. After other toasts, the company adjourned to the front hall, and mounting their hunters, a numerous field started at two o'clock in the afternoon to seek for their favourite sport. The day was delightfully fine, and some capital sport followed.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (Wm. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[Adv.]

BY THE BYE,

Now that we are once more approaching one of these periodical fits of national morality, which, once upon us, are only too apt to become extravagant and ridiculous, would it not be as well that somebody should examine sermons, licence preachers, and look after our reverend lecturers as well as our theatrical dancers? The other evening, at a famous old Yorkshire manufacturing town sometimes called "Black Barnsley," a reverend gentleman, whose name was Samuel Ashcroft, and who hailed from Bury, delivered a lecture, inaugurated by prayers and hymn-singing, called "Spiritualism, and why I object to it?" A local paper reporting this lecture, says that the pious, pure-minded, and reverend author of it, addressing the crowd of respectable ladies and gentlemen present, referred to marriage life, and said that many marriages were rendered miserable by spiritualists, who made married men and women believe that there was more affinity between themselves and other men or women than there was between them and their own wives or husbands; and then proceeded to narrate incidents, which, says *The Barnsley Times*, "are unfit for publication in a respectable newspaper." If we were a bishop, which, alas! we are not, we should regard the delivery of a lecture "unfit for publication in a respectable newspaper," with almost as much horror as perhaps we should not experience on hearing that a clergyman kept race-horses.

Being in Yorkshire, and speaking of a bishop and race-horses, reminds us, by the bye, of a bishop, named John Paterson, a Yorkshireman, who was not a bishop, but was called one by general consent, merely because he was particularly plump and sleek. This Bishop Paterson, who lived early in the present century, kept an excellent blood-mare, which was well known on all the race grounds in Britain; and, to quote Mr. Robert Blakey, "where is the man that ever ventured a guinea on the turf who has not heard tell of John Paterson's mare?" It was not however only the mare, but the jockey who rode her, by whom so large a share of sporting fame was acquired. Anthony Hoole, in his famous old "History of the North Riding of Yorkshire," tells upwards of a thousand stories of the strange wild freaks, and extraordinary exploits, performed by Beau Nardi—the jockey in question—on John Paterson's mare. Nardi was an Italian by birth, and is described as a devil incarnate for frolic and mischief. He was the most expert groom ever known, being superior even to the celebrated Sam, whose exploits with the beast, Savage, hold so prominent a place in the history of the turf. Nardi hated all pretensions to superiority; and, whenever he met them, whether in a single individual or in a crowd, without the slightest regard to position or rank, down he came upon them on John Paterson's fiery mare, scattering some, riding over others, careless of the serious injuries he often inflicted, or the wild terror he always created: even the king and some of his sons he spattered purposely with mud from the hoofs of his fierce mare. Hence came the old song and tune which years ago were to be heard in Yorkshire far and wide—

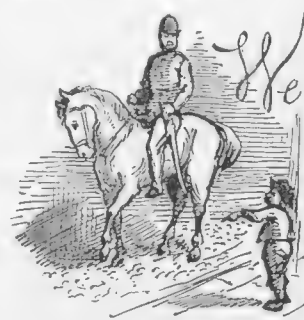
"John Paterson's mare,
She canna be here,
We neither ha'e stable nor hay for her;
Whip her out! turn her out!
Sax shillings in a clout,
O'er the Kirk-stile, and away wi' her!"

The most singular of Nardi's freaks, and that which is perhaps least to his credit, concerns a very interesting and attractive Scotch girl, who, as Miss Johanna Baille narrates, used to act in dumb show on a small platform set up in the street on market days what she called "the passions." One day when she was performing in the midst of a great crowd of admirers, suddenly the clattering hoofs of John Paterson's dreaded mare were heard; and, in an instant, snorting like a great fiery dragon, the beast and its rider were in the midst of them. Amidst shrieks, oaths, and howling cries of rage and fear, the people "fled for safety and for succour,"—all but one, a gray-headed Scotchman, a stranger, who bravely stood forward to protect the girl; but in vain, for Nardi overthrew her and her platform, allowing her to escape wounds or fractures, but bespattering her with mud, and destroying "the fine Paisley gown that had cost her so much pains to weave and decorate." Wherever Nardi saw this poor girl performing, he repeated the outrage; to the wonder and indignation of everybody who witnessed it, for the poor girl was known to be perfectly modest, unassuming, and respectable in her conduct. It was whispered that her crime was that of refusing the notable jockey a kiss, Nardi being a veritable Don Juan amongst the fair sex.

This story of a poor, persecuted street performer brings to memory that of Mlle. Rachel's childish performances in the streets; as told in a very interesting work recently published in Paris, called "Madame de Girardin," by Imbert de St. Amand. An Alsatian Jew, who spoke no French, or very little, working in the garden of a poor, but highly respectable, Jewish family at Mulhouse, singing as he worked, sang so sweetly and well one of Schiller's songs that the daughter fell in love with him. The result was that she eloped with the musical gardener to Switzerland, where they were married. Sixteen children were born to this romantically united pair, and of these they named one, who entered this "breathing world" at Mumi, in the Canton of Argovire, Rachel. Trudging from fair to fair with pedlar's packs upon their backs, and with a big St. Bernard dog to carry the least of the little army of children toiling after them as they best could, this music-loving pair on one occasion came to Rheims. Here two of the poor, ragged, ill-fed children—Rachel, and Sarah who tells the story in a memoir of her gifted sister—saw some Italian children, no older than themselves, earn money, which they gave their master, by street performances. Acting upon the suggestion, the two little things took Mouton, the dog, with them for protection, and, going into the streets, began to sing.—Sarah warbling in her childish treble a little song called "La Petite Mendicante," Rachel, a patriotic refrain. The children, especially Sarah, being pretty and interesting, and their singing pleasing, there was a plentiful showering of sous into their pinafores, and soon back they came flushed and happy—as we can readily enough imagine—their proud eyes full of gleeful triumph, and their little hands trembling with eagerness to display their first earnings. But the unfortunate Jew pedlar's pride was hurt, and in his anger he beat them! It was but an impulse of the moment, however, that induced him to do so; for his poor toil-and-care-worn wife, falling ill, he consented to his children repeating the experiment; which they did so successfully, that for five years of tramping wearily about from village to town, and from town to village, their little earnings eked out the wretched income of their poor parents, and their musical efforts often secured the luxury of a snug barn for a night's resting place, by the interest they, in conjunction with that good and sensible dog, Mouton, awakened in the breasts of sympathetic listeners.

A dog having got into our way, by the bye—we venture to claim a thought of pity for the unfortunate dogs whose spiteful fates have condemned them to live in the Petty Sessional Divisions of Tunbridge Wells and Tonbridge, where they have had sorry times in consequence of the vigour and earnestness with which "the force" have put in force the Dogs' Act. Dog-hunting is a phase of sport which is said to be very fascinating in Africa, as well as in some parts of America; and the Tunbridge Wells police seem to have a considerable degree of taste for it.

The following amusing story does not, however, belong to that locality; and we simply tell the tale as 'twas told to us, hoping that it may never reach the ears of that great Persian monarch, Nari-Ed-Deen. The Shah, we luckily remember, wrote in his diary, the other day, that any daring Britisher who ventured to insult a member of "the Force," suffered death by way of punishment. It may be so, and



have no desire to leave the world just now—in fact, as the proprietor of many little ones who live upon literature with a dash of art in it, we couldn't well be spared; and therefore do we mention neither name nor place. But once upon a time, and in a country that shall be nameless, there rode through the streets of a town we wot of, a sturdy mounted policeman, famous for his skill, dexterity, and delight in hunting dogs. Grand and dignified he sat; firm and erect;

his sword gleaming in its burnished sheath, his eyes as bright and keen as his sword, eagerly looking for curs that had rashly strayed from home, or had no home to stray from; his ears cocked to catch their faintest yelping.

"I say, Mister," cried a ragged urchin, "I ken show yer a dog to ketch."

"Where?" quickly asked our stately officer, on the steed almost as stately.

"Round 'ere, I'll show yer."

Off goes that boy, after him trots that officer; and a crowd accumulates at their heels as they go.

Presently they reached a corner-house, where, perched high up on the pillar of its gate, stood a dog—but, alas! it was a dog of stone!

"There he is," cried the wicked urchin, who kept so well the word of promise to the ear, but (etc.), in a voice expressive of the most intense delight. The other boys fairly screamed their enjoyment of the joke, dancing, and hugging, and rolling one over another in frantic glee. Did that policeman utter profane language, did he savagely threaten, did he dismount, and make a fierce rush after that nimble pair of ill-shod heels? You may ask such questions, but of a verity we cannot answer them, for, in good sooth, we do not know. You may believe this story, or not, as you will. Mentioning believing, how few people there now are, by the bye, who believe in fairies. And yet, there was a time when no one doubted the fact of their existence. Not many days since we read a letter from a fairy, we did indeed! It was published in the *Birmingham Mail*, and the airy fairy writer complained therein of the hardships and dangers endured by herself and her fellows in the course of professional duties. "We have to go," says the fairy, "down into a cold cellar underneath the stage with not, I am sorry to say, too much on, in order that we may come up through a trap; or we are strapped on to irons and have



to descend from giddy and dangerous heights; and what with the hurry, the noise of the machinery, the coarse language of some of those who work it, the fear of meeting with an accident, can it be wondered at if some of us cannot help crying bitterly?" She adds: "I have seen girls trembling with fear, yet not daring to refuse to perform their tasks; knowing that if they did they would be instantly dismissed, and in many cases deprived of the means of getting a living except in a way too horrible to think of."



In a contemporary Magazine we have had, and are having, a

long series of articles on "Men who face Death," one of the more recent sections of which was devoted to Postmen. That series will, therefore, most probably, go on indefinitely, and include all male flesh, for we all travel by rail! There is room for another series of similar papers on "Women who face Death," and one of its earliest papers might well be devoted to the ballet girl.

Chess.

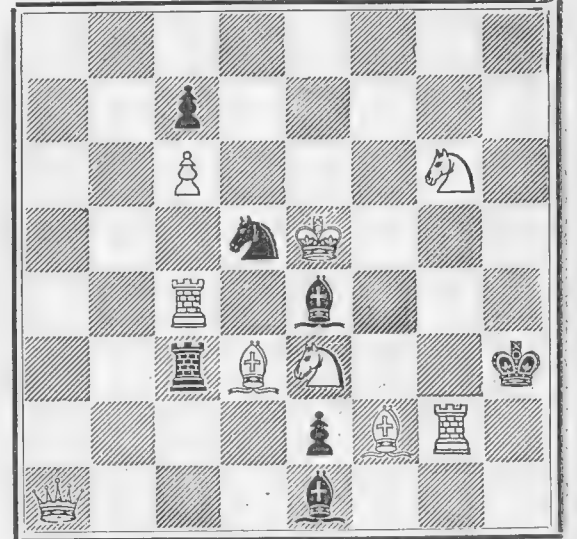
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Contributions of original problems and games will receive our best attention. Correct solutions of problems will be duly acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 38.

By Mr. SORESENSEN.

(A prize Problem in the B. C. A. Problem-Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 36.

WHITE.
1. P to Q 4
2. Q mates.

BLACK.
1. Anything.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 37.

WHITE.
1. B takes B
2. K to Kt sq
3. Kt or B mates.

BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 5 (ch)
2. Anything.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions received from J. M., H. STODART, F. STOCKEN, ARGUS, and R. W. S.

H. STODART.—Probably the *Westminster Papers* or *City of London Chess Magazine* would suit you.

The following game was recently played in New York between our countryman, Mr. Mackenzie, and a member of the Brooklyn Chess Club, the former yielding the odds of the Queen's Knight. (Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

[EVANS'S GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	14. Kt to K B 3	14. B to K Kt 5
2. K Kt to B 3	2. Kt to Q B 3	15. P to Q 4	15. R to K sq (ch)
3. B to Q B 4	3. B to Q B 4	16. Kt to K 5	16. Kt takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4	4. B takes P	17. B Ptk. Kt (f)	17. Kt to Q 4
5. P to Q B 3	5. B to Q R 4	18. B takes K R P	18. P takes B
6. Castles	6. Kt to K B 3	19. R takes K B P	19. K takes R
7. Kt to K Kt 5 (a)	7. Castles	20. Q to R 7 (ch)	20. K to K 3
8. P to K B 4	8. P to Q 4	21. Q to Kt 6 (ch)	21. K to Q 2
9. P takes Q P	9. Kt takes Q P	22. Q takes B (ch)	22. R to K 3 (g)
10. Q to Q B 2 (b)	10. P to K 5 (c)	23. B takes Kt	23. Q to K 2
11. Q takes P	11. Kt to K B 3	24. R to K B sq	24. R to K sq
12. Q to K B 2	12. B to Kt 3 (ch)	25. R to K B 6	25. P to Q B 3
13. K to R sq (d)	13. P to K R 3	26. R takes R and wins.	

NOTES.

- (a) This form of the Evans's Gambit is now rarely seen, though it presents many features of interest.
(b) This strikes us as a novelty. The moves usually given at this point are—10. B to Q R 3; 10. P to Q 4; and 10. Q to Q Kt 3.
(c) If he play P to Kt 3, White answers with P to K 5.
(d) If P to Q 4, Black would capture the Q P with Knight.
(e) He ought to have taken off the Knight at once.
(f) The commencement of a very ingenious, but, we are afraid, an unsound combination.
(g) A fatal error. He ought to have played K to Q B 3.

For the annexed brilliant example of the Muzio Gambit, which was recently played at the Nottingham Chess Club between Mr. W. G. Ward and Mr. F. G. Rowe—the former giving the odds of the Queen's Knight,—we are indebted to the *Nottingham Daily Express*. (Remove White's Queen's Knight.)

[MUZIO GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4	11. B takes Q B P	11. Q takes B
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P		
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4	12. B to K 3 (e)	
4. B to Q B 4	4. P to K Kt 5	13. R takes B (f)	13. P takes R
5. P to Q 4 (a)	5. P takes P	14. Q to B 7 (ch)	14. K to Q 2
6. Q takes P	6. Kt to K B 3	15. Q takes P (ch)	15. K to Q sq
7. B takes P	7. P to Q 4 (b)	16. Q takes R (ch)	16. K to Q 2
8. P takes P	8. B to Q 3	17. B to K Kt 5	17. Kt to Q B 3
9. Castles K R	9. R to K Kt sq		
10. Q R to K sq	10. B to K 2	18. P takes Kt (ch)	18. K to Q 3
		19. Q to K Kt 3 (ch) and wins.	

NOTES.

- (a) This move is scarcely so strong as Castling, but was, doubtless, played with the object of taking the second player out of the beaten track.
(b) The best reply, but it might have been played with, at least, equal advantage in the previous move.
(c) Apparently a promising move, as it prevents White's threat of B to K Kt 5; but in reality very bad play.
(d) Very neatly played.
(e) He has, seemingly, no better resource.
(f) This is again very well conceived, and wins the game in a canter.

THE BRIGHTON CHESS CLUB.

THIS Club now meets every day at the Aquarium, the Hon. Sec. being Mr. R. Rabson, B.A. An annual subscription of one guinea per annum entitles visitors to all the privileges of the Club.

MR. MORPHY.

AN American correspondent informs us that Mr. Morphy still plays occasionally in private, but there is no truth in the report that he intends to compete at the forthcoming American Chess Congress.



TIGER-SHOOTING FROM THE HOWDAH.

Our Captious Critic.



SOMETIMES I grow weary of being captious, and sick at heart, if the truth be confessed, of having to carp at this, that, and the other unsatisfactory performance, or performer; and I am fain to meet with something good enough to elicit unqualified and conscientious praise. Yet it is astonishing among so many theatres, and amid so much lavish expenditure upon scenery, costume, and effects, how seldom one witnesses a theatrical show which is calculated to impress the spectator by its genuine artistic qualities, rather than its meretricious adjuncts. It is true that the British subject views most things from a commercial stand-point. *What did it cost?* is generally with him a summary interrogation by which to ascertain the merits or demerits of anything under discussion. If he had heard nothing of Milton's "Paradise Lost," save the fact that it was sold for ten pounds, he would come inevitably to the conclusion that it was a valueless production, and never take the trouble to read it. However, in spite of his mammon-worshipping nature, no one has truer instincts, or keener perceptions, in regard to matters artistic when brought ace to face with works of art. At least this is true of him at the theatre. His commercial calculations cease after he has paid for his ticket, and secured his seat; and then no amount of spangles and satin, of purple and fine linen, of gorgeous scenery and glittering decoration, can blind him to the badness of a piece, or the inferiority of the performers. Put before him on bare boards, without scenery or gorgeous costume, a good piece, well played, and he will respond with enthusiasm, for true art touches the fibres of his nature; but they have rendered him *blasé* with empty spectacle, they have drugged him with inferior music, as with Pantion Street champagne, and for years now he has gone on listlessly paying his money to support the British Drama; or, more correctly speaking, to support the mistresses of Jews and Gentiles of the wealthy classes. But the day is coming when he will rouse from his slumbers, like the northern god Thor, and smite to pieces, with indignant hammer, the brazen image which the descendants of Nebuchadnezzar have set up in the place of Art, expecting us to worship. Whatever may be said to the contrary, I hold that in all such matters the native instincts of the Briton are vitally healthy. Several times in the history of this country, dissolute courts and enterprising foreigners have attempted to debauch his taste, and render him rather pleased than otherwise to be in a remote way a pander to their vices; but a Hogarthian spirit, always latent somewhere in your thorough Briton, has invariably revolted, and sturdily (sometimes even fiercely and with blows) protested against any such invasion of his moral independence. "Keep your vices," he will say, "in your own palaces and private mansions; refine upon your sensualities; but we won't have disgrace thrown upon the amusements of the People; for, after all, whatever you may think, the People, with a large P, is quite as important an institution as Society with a large S."

There are, happily, symptoms of such a reaction amongst us, even now; and managers would do well to use a little common-sense (artistic feeling, or any culture, being things they do not usually possess), and endeavour to supply the public with something more amusing than mere combinations of brilliant scene-painting, flimsy music, and "hired animalisms," attired in all the majesty of their beauty, but with very little else on them indeed. People are yearning for intelligent and artistic performances at theatres. Look how they crowd to see *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, and mark how they discuss the details of the performance afterwards. People go to a theatre to have their minds stimulated, not their senses.

I have been to several performances this week, two or three of which I will briefly allude to. I went to the Alhambra to see *Whittington and his Cat*. I particularise the fact that I went to see the performance; because, of course, one very often goes to the Alhambra without ever meaning to see it. The audience includes quite as interesting specimens of a certain genus of artists as those more notorious members to be seen on the stage.

Yes, I went, on my last visit to Mr. Baum's academy, to the stalls, to see a new opera by the great Offenbach. As regards his part of the work, I felt thoroughly swindled. I am not a competent judge of music, but this I will say, that M. Offenbach must have a most cynical contempt for the British public, or he would never allow his name to be printed as the author of a trivial selection of melodies, purporting to be an *opéra-bouffe*, which he would never dare to offer in Paris to the least critical manager of the Boulevards. Mr. Farnie's part of the work is equally flimsy. He is a thorough workman when he chooses, which is nearly always; but in the case of *Whittington* he has displayed carelessness. There is no attempt to tell the story, and the vagueness of the plot he endeavours to conceal with the ballets, and the unprecedentedly magnificent costumes designed by Mr. Thompson. As for the actors

Mr. Paulton, who is too good an actor to remain at the Alhambra, endeavours to be amusing on his own account, and, in spite of the author; Mr. Terrott makes the most of his part, and sings a bellringer's song with much effect. Mr. Rouse has nothing to do, and does it well. Miss Lennox Grey and Miss Julia Matthews both sing charmingly. So much for the Alhambra.

At the Opera Comique, Mr. Hollingshead has revived the *Lady of Lyons*, with Mrs. Kendal as the fair 'Pauline.' For the genius and culture of Mrs. Kendal I have the highest respect, but why choose above all others this flimsiest and most artificial of sentimental dramas as a medium for displaying the abilities of an actress who excels in expressing natural and unaffected emotions? It is little to say of the *Lady of Lyons* that it does not contain a sincere line; it hardly contains an artistic one. Mr. Kendal, as 'Claude Melnotte,' was elegant as his wont is, but no more. Mr. Garthorne and Mr. Edgar, as the two idiotic conspirators, both displayed a commendable amount of self-control, and refrained like careful artists from endeavouring to infuse any degree of passion into two utterly unnatural and characterless sketches. At the Opera Comique, I may remark, that in the orchestra there takes place between the acts a solo on the—concertina! I should be tempted strongly to object to this diversion did I not reflect that among musical instruments the concertina holds about the same place that the *Lady of Lyons* does among plays, both being remarkable for flatness, feebleness, and inadequacy.

With regard to his other revival, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, at the Gaiety, to which I alluded last week, Mr. Hollingshead deserves nothing but commendation. Whatever there may be in it open to criticism in the matter of details, generally speaking the play is well put upon the stage, and ably acted. At Christmas time, and in this verbally delicate age, a piece with less broad and healthy Saxon dialogue might have been a more profitable selection. But for people who are neither babes nor sucklings, yet in spite thereof can enjoy the works of the best dramatists, pure and simple, the Gaiety is a place to go and see. The song by Mr. Swinburne, which has been interpolated into the play, is, like all his work, supremely excellent of its kind, but it is not the least bit Shakspearean. Early French, rather than early English, is its tone and feeling. Théophile Gautier might have written such a song, but it has no touch of the Elizabethan strength. The acting, I have said, is able generally. 'Falstaff' is always a disappointment in the *Merry Wives*, for he is out of his place, and fallen lower than could ever have managed to fall a man of his wit, wisdom, and resource. Mr. Vezin is always excellent in whatever he undertakes, and he gives a dignity to 'Mr. Ford' that that jealous husband never possessed before in my eyes. Mr. Righton's 'Sir Hugh Evans' gives one an idea that he is but lately become acquainted with Shakspeare, and does not care much about him. The most successful portrait of the collection is, however, Mr. Arthur Cecil's 'Dr. Caius.' I



Mr. Cecil as Dr. Caius

will not speak as highly as I think of this performance, but I must say that I shall watch with interest every future essay of this comedian. No one that has eyes to see, and knowledge to discern, can fail to acknowledge that he plays 'Dr. Caius' in a manner unusually appreciative and intelligent. Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Leclercq, as the two mischievous matrons, are very satisfactory. Miss Furtado is a very 'Sweet Anne Page.' Mr. Taylor's 'Slender' is good, but not sufficiently spontaneous in his assumption of imbecility. 'Bardolph,' 'Pym,' and 'Pistol,' are very inferior performances, and (in conclusion) Mrs. Leigh plays 'Mrs. Quickly' to perfection.

Mr. Henry Byron's latest comedy, *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville, I witnessed with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. It would be easy to dwell upon its faults, which are as numerous, Byronic, and inevitable, as its merits; but, in a period like the present, so barren of able dramatic writers, it becomes an unthankful office in approaching one so able as Mr. Byron undoubtedly is, to particularise over minutely his special weaknesses. In the more vital characteristics of comedy proper, *Our Boys* is, to my mind, the best work which has proceeded from his too prolific pen. The one character of 'Old Middlewick,' the successful, ungrammatical, but human-hearted buttermilk—written with as much humour as it is conceived and acted by Mr. James with equal ability—would be sufficient to redeem from the chances of speedy oblivion a much more carelessly constructed play. As a rule in his comedies, Mr. Byron sacrifices everything, sometimes even humour itself, to his ever active wit; but, in this piece, there is a strong current of humour underlying the conception of a variety of the incidents which contributes mainly to the vitality of the piece.



Mr. Thorne as Talbot Champineys

I was much tickled at that incident of the 'Old Buttermilk,' who, having for the first time in his life essayed to play at billiards with the haughty baronet, succeeds only in cutting the cloth, and mutters in his mortification, "Well, he may know billiards, and all the swell games, but I'll lure him on to have a turn at skittles, and then—" but the play must be seen to be enjoyed.

The acting all round is careful. Mr. Farren, I think, might make more of the character of the 'Baronet.' Miss Roselle, and Miss Bishop are graceful as the two heroines, who are mere sketches by the bye. Miss Cicely Richards shows decided promise in her performance of the 'slavery.' Mr. Thorne, in his quiet way, plays to perfection a character which we have met before in one of Byron's comedies. Mr. Warner is sufficient as 'Charles Middlewick,' but Mr. James is all in all. His 'retired buttermilk' is irresistibly well played.

SPORT IN AUSTRALIA.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 20.

ON all hands there are lamentations at the result of the Cup race. The Haricot has certainly disagreed with the public stomach. There are curses both "loud and deep." Pawnbrokers and money-lenders have done a roaring trade; debts of honour, of course, must be met. Perhaps the most singular outcome of the unexpected turn affairs took is the large number of watches that just now require repairing. Three at least of my acquaintances, on November 4, would have backed their dials against the most perfect chronometer, or even the sun-dial in the Flagstaff Gardens itself. As Pope said,—

"Our judgments, like our watches, none
Go just alike, but each believes his own."

On the 5th these wonderful watches went wrong; on the 6th they required repairs, which it will take at least a month to perfect. However, these annual gambling tournaments are becoming very serious matters in the metropolis, whatever may be their effect in the country. Working men, clerks, small tradesmen exhaust all their means, fascinated by the allurements held out by the members of the betting ring. After every cup-day one hears of nothing but loss piled upon loss. It will be a matter of consideration soon whether legislation should not step in and endeavour to check this growing evil. One of the first principles of English liberty is, that a man has a right to do as he likes with his own. This proposition finds a universal response, but the temptations of betting on races lead men to do as they like with money and other things not their own. Debts so incurred are falsely called debts of honour, and must be met, even if the tradesman, who supplies his table or clothes his family, has to wait, or not get paid at all. Let society alter its code of honour, and brand the man with infamy who wastes his means in such an insensate manner. Make it dishonourable to pay racing debts out of means not one's own, or while indebted elsewhere, and this reckless and destructive gambling, and wholesale speculation, will soon come to an end.

The extraordinary number of amusements at present largely patronised in Melbourne makes one wonder where the money comes from. Theatres, halls, and the Opera House are crowded nightly. Notwithstanding the high tariff fixed by Blondin, his show—that is when he does show—is largely patronised. It was a most fortunate thing that the accident to the tent happened in the absence of an audience, or rather assemblage of spectators; there might have been loss of life in the confusion which would have been inevitable had a crowd been present. It is a truly wonderful performance, that of Blondin. If it serves no other purpose it shows what perfection may be achieved by a man by perseverance and constant application. The address and ease with which he applies himself to his dangerous feats soon dispels the apprehension of danger which comes over one at first. However, when the hero of the Niagara, is safe again upon *terra firma*, a general sigh of relief seems to escape in common from the spectators. There is a good story afloat among the *quid nuncs* about Blondin. He advertised for a secretary or managing man, in New York, and received over a thousand applications. The salary was liberal. After the usual sifting he made a selection; mutual satisfaction was expressed, and duties were to commence forthwith. "By the by," said Blondin, "there is a trifling matter I forgot to mention. I must carry you across the Niagara on the rope, and also each time of my performance." The selected looked aghast, backed out of the room, keeping his eye on the hero of the rosy-way, fully convinced that no one but a dangerous lunatic could have made such a proposition. Blondin, however, succeeded in finding a man with nerves as well as the necessary clerical qualifications, and carrying his secretary across the rope is not the least sensational part of the performance.

Our Governor has got six months' leave of absence, going home for a trip. He makes less fuss about it than the Provost of Edinburgh would have done over a proposition to visit the metropolis of England not a hundred years ago. He goes to sea in a drawing-room, and does his overland in a parlour. Sir G. Bowen is, take him for all in all, a hearty good fellow, loves a good dinner, a good joke, and good fellowship. He has fallen upon good times, too. His hitherto peaceful reign has been undisturbed by those knotty problems of statecraft which killed Sir Charles Hotham, tried the constitutional lore of the astute Sir Henry Barkley, lost the good old Sir Charles Darling his high position, and made the seat of Canterbury, for a time, anything but a bed of roses. Governor Bowen has not yet had even a ghost of a dead-lock to scare him. His prime minister, too, goes in for peace and quietness. Do as you like, only don't bother, is his motto. His stay amongst us so far has been glorious summer; he has had none of the "winter of our discontent." He will never be bothered about the dissolution of Parliament while there's payment of members. His gubernatorial *acumen* is not likely to be put to the test on that score.

We regret to hear that George Giles, a promising and much respected jockey, died on Sunday last, at Alfriston, Sussex. He rode with much judgment and patience, and was fairly successful in Mr. W. H. Harvey's and other gentlemen's colours. From the quiet and unassuming manner for which the lad was distinguished, he made himself many friends.

FLOODING OF THE WINDSOR RACECOURSE.—On Tuesday, the Thames in the Windsor and Eton districts had in many places overflowed its banks, and inundated much of the pasture lands on its margin. The flood was sweeping across a portion of the Clewer "Rays," upon which the Windsor Racecourse is situated, nearly surrounding the Grand Stand.

FRENCH RACING FIXTURES.—At a meeting of the Committee of the Courses de la Société d'Encouragement, on January 20, the dates of the principal meetings were fixed as under:—Paris, March 29; April 4, 11, 18, 25; May 2, 6, 9, 30; June 3, 5, 6 (Grand Prix); September 12, 19, 26; and October 3. Chantilly: May 16, 20, 23 (Prix du Jockey Club); October 10, 17, 25. Fontainebleau: June 13 and September 5.

REMARKABLE FLIGHT OF A PHEASANT.—A few days ago, as Sir George Kinloch and family were at luncheon in the dining-room of Kinloch House, Perthshire, they were startled by the breaking of a window pane, and on examination a large pheasant was found lying dead on a sofa. A mirror stands opposite the window, and the bird had, it is supposed, been misled by the reflection therein of trees and grounds. The glass was four feet square and 5-16 in. thick, and the pheasant flew against it almost with the velocity of a bullet.

Billiards.

THOUGH at the time of writing, the American Billiard Tournament is not half over, we may safely say that it has proved a more brilliant success than could have been expected by the most sanguine. By the system of each player meeting every other player, the element of chance, which enters more or less into every game of skill except chess, is almost eliminated, and there can be little doubt that on Monday night the best men at the points will have come to the front. No better place than Joseph Bennett's Rooms could possibly have been selected for the event, as there is plenty of space, and the system of ventilation is so perfect, that when nearly every seat is filled, the saloon never becomes too hot, or unpleasantly full of tobacco smoke. The arrangements have been excellent in every way, and we would only suggest that a little more care should be taken to prevent late visitors from walking past the table "on the stroke." A new table has been specially erected for the occasion by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, to whose liberality the handicap owes its origin, and we have never seen such a magnificent specimen of their workmanship. The woods employed are ash and pollard oak, which are beautifully blended together, while a judicious use of gilt sets them off to the greatest advantage. The carving of the legs is most elaborate, and altogether the purchaser, who, we hear, is Lord Dudley, has laid out £350 well, for Taylor and some of the other cracks tell us that they have never played on a more perfect table, as may be imagined from the number of large breaks which have been made. A very unfortunate affair occurred in the game between Taylor and Kilkenny on Monday evening. The former had made nineteen spot hazards, and appeared well set for a long break, when, in the act of taking aim, he moved his ball slightly. He of course replaced it, and was about to play on, when, to the astonishment of all in the room, Kilkenny claimed a foul, and to their still greater astonishment, Mr. G. F. Pardon, who was acting as referee, allowed the claim. It was understood that the tournament should be played under the ordinary revised rules published by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and number twenty-nine of this code says:—"If, when moving the cue backwards and forwards, and prior to a stroke, it touches and moves the player's ball, the ball must be replaced to the satisfaction of the adversary, otherwise it is a foul stroke." Now this clearly means that if the player moves his ball, and makes the stroke *without replacing it*, a foul stroke may be claimed, and this reading is endorsed by Joseph Bennett, Cook, and all the great authorities on the game with whom we have spoken on the subject; but Mr. Pardon maintains, that if the opponent declines to be satisfied with the position in which the ball is replaced, he can claim a foul. We think that rule 30, which follows the one we have quoted above, entirely negatives this view. It is:—"Or, if in taking aim the player moves his ball, and causes it to strike another, even without intending at the time to make a stroke, a foul stroke may be claimed by the adversary." Here it is expressly stated that a foul may be claimed, and the plain inference is, that under the former rule it cannot be claimed. The same thing has occurred twice since Monday, Timbrell and Roberts each moving their ball; but neither Cook nor Joseph Bennett, who were their respective opponents, thought of claiming a foul. There is not the remotest doubt that Mr. Pardon decided to the best of his judgment; but we cannot say much for the taste shown by Kilkenny. Such conduct may be considered smart and clever in Yorkshire, but the loud and continued applause when Stanley cut him down on Tuesday, showed what was thought of it by a London audience. We shall reserve our critical remarks on the play until next week, when we can review the entire tournament, and merely append the bare result of the games played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday:—

MONDAY.		
A. Bennett (160)	beat	Joseph Bennett (scratch) by 176 points
S. W. Stanley (120)	"	J. Roberts, jun. (scratch) " 46 "
L. Kilkenny (160)	"	T. Taylor (100) " 40 "
W. Cook (scratch)	"	W. Timbrell (140) " 112 "

TUESDAY.		
Taylor	beat	Timbrell by 244 points
A. Bennett	"	Cook " 164 "
Stanley	"	Kilkenny " 195 "
Roberts	"	Joseph Bennett " 81 "

WEDNESDAY.		
Timbrell	beat	Kilkenny by 115 points
Cook	"	Joseph Bennett " 112 "
A. Bennett	"	Roberts " 104 "
Taylor	"	Stanley " 171 "

The aggregate score of the three days is:—

Games won.		Games won.	
A. Bennett	3	Roberts	1
Cook	2	Timbrell	1
Taylor	2	Kilkenny	1
Stanley	2	Joseph Bennett	0

We append the programme for the last three days:—

FRIDAY, January 29.	
3.0—Taylor v. A. Bennett	8.0—J. Bennett v. Kilkenny
4.30—Cook v. Stanley	9.30—Roberts v. Timbrell

SATURDAY.	
3.0—Stanley v. A. Bennett	8.0—J. Bennett v. Timbrell
4.30—Cook v. Kilkenny	9.30—Roberts v. Taylor

MONDAY.	
3.0—A. Bennett v. Kilkenny	8.0—Stanley v. Timbrell
4.30—J. Bennett v. Taylor	9.30—Cook v. Roberts

On Wednesday next, the great match for £100 a-side, between the Champion and T. Taylor, the former conceding a start of 200 in 1000 up, will take place in the same room in which the tournament is being played. Taylor unquestionably plays the spot stroke quite as well as Cook, and though the latter is better in all-round play, we cannot see where the two hundred points are to come from. Added to this, Taylor has been in grand form during the present week, and we have no hesitation in predicting that he will score a clever victory. At the last moment we learn that another match has been made between the same men for £100 a-side. The Champion is to concede a start of 300 in 1000, spot hazard barred. We append a list of fixtures:—

JANUARY.
29 and following days—W. Cook's American Tournament, Bennett's Rooms, 315, Oxford Street, W.

- FEBRUARY.
2—M. Izar and an Amateur, Schiller Anstalt, Manchester.
3—W. Cook and T. Taylor, 1000 up, the latter receiving 200 start, for £100 a-side, Bennett's Rooms, Oxford Street, W.
3—J. Roberts, jun., and W. Kilding, 1000 up, the latter with 400 points, Falstaff Hotel, Manchester.
3—M. A. Izar and an Amateur, Albion Hotel, Bolton.
4—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, Barrow-in-Furness, afternoon and evening.
4—M. A. Izar and an Amateur, Albion Hotel, Bolton, afternoon and evening.
5—W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., King's Arm Hotel, Salford, Manchester.
9—M. Izar and an Amateur, Preston.

MR. NEWTON'S HUNTERS.—The fine hunting stud—about twenty in number—the property of the late John Newton, Esq., of Norton, Malton, is about to be submitted to public auction. The list includes several steeple-chasers and prize winners.

NOMINATORS IN THE WATERLOO CUP, 1875.
FEBRUARY 17, AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

ENGLISH.

Mr. A. Allison, Tilgate Lodge, Crawley, Sussex.
Mr. J. S. Binning, Carlisle.
Mr. S. J. Bland, Worton Hall, Middlesbrough.
Mr. T. L. Boote, Nantwich.
Mr. J. Briggs, Blackburn.
Mr. T. Brocklebank, Springwood, Liverpool.
Mr. W. H. Clark, Hook House, Howden, Yorkshire.
Mr. T. H. Clifton, M.P., Lytham.
Mr. J. Codling, Whaplode, Lincolnshire.
Mr. J. Cunningham, The Elms, Lytham.
Mr. W. D. Deighton, Worcester.
Mr. N. Dunn, Union Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Captain Ellis, Sheepwash, Morpeth.
Mr. J. Evans, Uffington, Shrewsbury.
Col. Goodlake, Guards Club, London.
Mr. T. M. Goodlake, Wadley, Farlington, Berks.
Mr. T. Green, Bank House, Worcester.
Mr. H. Haywood, Blakemere House, Hereford.
Mr. T. Henderson, Seaforth, Liverpool.
Mr. T. D. Hornby, Druids' Cross, Liverpool.
Dr. Hitchman, Cedar Lodge, Cheltenham.
Mr. R. Hutton, 74, Gloucester Place, London.
Mr. R. Hyslop, Denton Hall, Carlisle.

SCOTCH.

Mr. W. G. Borron, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
Mr. R. B. Carruthers, Huntingdon Lodge, Dumfries.
Mr. J. Gibson, Woolmet, Dalkeith.
Earl of Haddington, Mellerstain, Kelso, N.B.
Colonel Hathorn, 45, Dover Street, London.
Mr. J. Hyslop, Bank, New Cumnock, N.B.

IRISH.

Mr. C. J. Alexander, Victoria House, Dalkey, County Dublin.
Mr. T. Caulfield, Ardee, County Louth.
Mr. R. M. Douglas, Portballantrae, County Antrim.
Mr. W. Dunbar, 36, North Great George Street, Dublin.
Mr. W. F. Hutchinson, Stranocum House, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim.
Mr. W. H. Massey, Mount Massey, Macroom, County Cork.
Mr. S. Swinburne, 45, Dame Street, Dublin.
Mr. G. F. Wise, Kilbarry House, County Cork.

Latest Betting.

WATERLOO CUP.

11 to 1 agst Mr. R. Hyslop's nomination (o, take 100 to 5)
100 to 6 — Mr. Pilkington's nomination (o, take 18 to 1)

CROYDON HURDLE RACE.

11 to 1 agst Houghton (o)

LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE.

1000 to 50 on the field.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.

1000 to 80 agst Thuringian Prince (o, after 1200 to 100 had been t)
500 to 25 — Kaiser (t)
1000 to 30 — G by Wamba—Truth (t)

TWO THOUSAND.

1000 to 100 agst Telescope (t)

DERBY.

700 to 100 agst Holy Friar (o, take 15 to 2)
15 to 2 — Galopin (o, take 8 to 1)
500 to 30 — Roland Grame (t)
2500 to 100 — Telescope (t)
1000 to 20 — Woodcock (t)

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL,

AT ALBERT GATE, ON MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

BERFORD, b c, 4 yrs, by St. Albans out of Lady Dar by King Tom Gs. Mr. Barry 60
MENDIGO, bl c, 4 yrs, by Beadsman out of Callipolis, by Charleston Mr. Oldacre 23
COMET, b c, 4 yrs, by Thormanby out of Stella, by West Australian Mr. Barton 55
VASCO DI GAMA, b c, 3 yrs, by Beadsman out of Salamanca Mr. Wheeler 170
LORD CHARLES, ch g, by Breadalbane out of Goodlass Mr. Williamson 50
WILMINGTON, b h, 6 yrs, by Blackthorn out of a Charleston mare out of Madame Egline, by Cowl. Mr. Isaacs 50

STUD NEWS.

At Woodland's Stud (Mr. Van Haansbergen's), close to Knitsley Station, Consett Branch, N.E.R., between Durham and Newcastle:—

On the 13th inst. St. Etheldreda, late Sorrell, a bay filly by Stentor, and will be put to Idus: on the 20th Maggie (dam of Number Nip, Marion, Activity, &c.) a bay colt by Stentor, and will be put to Macgregor.

On the 20th Palm Leaf (dam of Montrose, &c.) a brown filly, dead, by Macgregor, and will be put to him again.
Arrived to Macgregor—Mr. F. Bailey's Regentess by St. Albans—sister to little Lady.

The Stud Company, Limited, Cobham, Surrey. January 27, Mr. Henry Jones's Danish Rose foaled a colt and will be put to Lacaroni; January 18, The Stud Company, Queen of the May foaled a colt by Blair Athol; January 21, The Stud Company, Better Half foaled a filly by Macaroni; January 22, The Stud Company, Coimbra foaled a colt by Blair Athol; January 25, Mr. John Coupland's Agatha foaled a colt by Chattanooga. Arrived to Blair Athol: January 19, Her Majesty's Ines in foal to Y. Melbourne; Mr. Richard Combe's Alberta in foal to Blair Athol; January 26, Mr. Henry Chaplin's Chanoinesse in foal to Knowsley; Mr. Gerard Sturt's Malpractice. Arrived to Macaroni: January 13, Lord Rosslyn's Flicker in foal to Macaroni; January 26, Mr. Gerard Sturt's Silvia in foal to The Duke. Arrived to Marsyas: January 26, Mr. Gerard Sturt's Carita in foal to Thunderbolt.

January 21, Flurry and Mr. Payne's Venice (in foal to Atherstone) have arrived at the Glasgow Stud Paddocks, Enfield.

The subscription to Macaroni is full, but breeders anxious to have his blood can obtain it, combined with Venison, and Touchstone, in Macgregor, the 2,000 Guineas winner, whose subscription is filling rapidly at Woodlands Stud, county of Durham, where Stentor, Indus and Hesper, are also standing.

Stentor is the only horse in England by De Clare, now at the stud, and out of any mares by Vermont would produce horses possessing the same cross as Boiard, the best horse of 1874.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will with three codicils, dated respectively Feb. 28, 1871, Nov. 11, 1872, and Dec. 12 last, of the Right Hon. John, Baron Kesteven, of Casewick, Lincolnshire, who died on the 17th ult., at his town residence, No. 6, Cavendish Square, was proved on the 20th inst. by his brothers, the Ven. Edward Trollope and General Sir Charles Trollope, K.C.B., and his eldest son, the Hon. John Henry Trollope, now Lord Kesteven, the acting executors, the personal estate being sworn under £35,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife £500 and a carriage with a pair of horses; to the Ven. E. Trollope and General Sir C. Trollope, as executors, £100 each; to his son, the Hon. Cranmer Trollope, a certain mortgage debt of £3000 and his stock in the Great Northern Railway; and to his eldest son the furniture at his mansion-house at Casewick. Each of the younger children take portions of £10,000. His real estate in the counties of Lincoln and Northampton he devises to the use of his eldest son for life, with remainder to his sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. The deceased makes his diamonds and plate heirlooms, to descend with the settled estates, and he appoints his son, the present Peer, residuary legatee.

The will, dated June 23 last, of Lord Albert Leveson Gower, late of 28, Dover Street, Piccadilly, who died on the 23rd ult., at Beaudesert, Staffordshire, was proved on the 19th inst. by the Marquis of Stafford, the nephew, and Lord Ronald Charles Sutherland Leveson Gower, the brother, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to each of his executors, and £30,000 upon trust for his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and at her death to his children.

The will and codicil, dated Dec. 4, 1867, and June 8 last, of Mr. William Urquhart Arbuthnot, late of Bridgen Place, Bexley, Kent, a member of the Council of India, who died on the 11th ult., were proved on the 4th inst. by George Noble Taylor, the brother-in-law, and William Spottiswoode, the son-in-law, the acting executors, the personal estate being sworn under £80,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Jane Arbuthnot, his furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, and effects, and £1000 absolutely; he also gives her the income of the residue of his property for life, and at her death it is to be divided equally among all his children.

The will and two codicils, dated May 2, 1872, Nov. 29, 1873, and Nov. 8, 1874, of Mr. Edward Morton, late of Wolverley, Worcestershire, who died on Nov. 9 last, were proved on the 7th inst. by John Lee Morley, James Amphlett Morton (the nephew), and Edward James Morton (the son), the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £70,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to each of his godchildren—viz., James Amphlett Morton, Herbert Morton, and Herbert Anthony Evans—to Charles Smith, foreman in the employ of Morton and Sons, £100; to the Kidderminster Infirmary, £100; to his four children, Edward James, Frederick William, Annie Susannah, and Alice Elizabeth, £10,000 each; to his eldest son, Edward James, he gives the estate at Wolverley, with the furniture; and there are some specific gifts to each of his other children. The residue he leaves equally between his said four children.

The will, dated July 27, 1863, of Sir Joshua Rowe, C.B., late of No. 10, Queen Anne Street, Marylebone, who died Oct. 30 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Dame Frances Anne Rowe, the widow, the sole executrix, the personal estate being sworn under £35,000. The testator bequeaths to his sister Mrs. Valpy, £200; to his sister, Mrs. Westmacott, £100; to his brother, George W. Rowe, £500; and the rest of his property to his wife.

The wills of the following persons have recently been proved, viz.:—Mr. Matthew Nelson, late of Holme-next-the-Sea, Norfolk, under £35,000; Mrs. Harriet Gregory, late of Claremont Knight's Hill, Lower Norwood, under £3,000; Mr. James Howard Buller, late of Downes, near Crediton, Devon, under £25,000; Colonel Philip James Yorke, late of No. 89, Eaton Place, under £12,000; Miss Juliana Caroline Yorke, under £7,000; Mr. James Parker Woodhouse, late of No. 43, Ladbroke Grove, Kensington Park, under £50,000; the Ven. George Clark, under £7,000; the Hon. Reginald Grimston Standish O'Grady, under £2,000; Colonel Charles Marshall, late of No. 6, Westbourne Square, under £45,000; the Rev. Joseph Hindle, under £45,000; and Mr. Edward Lucas, late of 98, Buckingham Road, Brighton, under £40,000.—From the Illustrated London News, Jan. 30.

MR. F. BURGESS'S BENEFIT.—To the tens of thousands of people who have derived enjoyment from the songs and choruses, and "quips and cranks" of the minstrels "who never perform out of London," it is unnecessary to do more than call attention to the benefit of Mr. F. Burgess in order to ensure for that popular manager overflowing houses on Tuesday next. It may be added, however, by way of supplement to an advertisement which will be found in another page that patrons of Mr. Burgess who visit St. James's Great Hall on Tuesday afternoon, will be entertained by some of the best actors and actresses in London. And this in addition to an unusually attractive Moore-and-Burgess programme. Need we say more?

THE ROYALTY THEATRE re-opens to-night, under the direction of Madame Selina Dolaro, with Offenbach's opera *La Perichole*, in which the leading rôles will be sustained by Madame Selina Dolaro, Mesdames Verner, Leblanc and Lassalle, and Messrs. Fred Sullivan, C. W. Norton, Walter Fisher, &c. The opera will be preceded by Mr. Campbell Clarke's drama in one act, adapted from the French, and entitled *Awakening*, in which Mr. Lin Rayne will sustain the part originally played by Mr. Clayton, when the piece was first brought out. Very soon after the opening will be produced a new and original comic opera, composed expressly for this theatre by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, which is already in preparation, and in which Madame Selina Dolaro, and Miss Nelly Bromley, will appear.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—To-night, Saturday, will be a popular ballad night. Mdlle. Levier, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves (who is to sing Blumenthal's "Message," and a serenade by Berthold Tours), and Mr. Whitney are the vocalists; and Herr Wilhelmj, who created so great an impression on his re-appearance last Thursday, is to play a concertstück by Dr. Hiller, for the first time, and a chaconne (for violin alone), by Bach. Part songs and madrigals by the Part-song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, complete a very interesting programme. The next orchestral concert will take place on Tuesday, the 2nd of February, when several important orchestral pieces (notably Mendelssohn's Italian symphony) will be performed. Herr Wilhelmj is to play a concerto by F. Hégar, for the first time, and his own arrangements of Wagner's "Albumbblatt" and Chopin's "Noturno." Mdlle. Johanna Levier and Mr. Sims Reeves are to be the vocalists. The concert will be conducted, as usual, by Mr. Barnby.

EPH'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPH'S & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVT.]

TIGER-SHOOTING FROM THE HOWDAH.

THE most favourable time for hunting all kinds of large game in India is during the hot season, as by April or May most of the grass and rank under-growth is burnt up in the jungle, and the intense heat of the sun has so dried up the face of the country that the water supply is reduced to its lowest ebb; consequently the *felide*, driven by thirst, leave the denser forest, and seek the lowest valleys, where pools of water remain all the year round, or frequent the karinda and tamarisk thickets that afford dense and extensive cover in the immediate neighbourhood of most of our rivers in the Central Provinces, and the Deccan. The ravages that tigers, panthers and leopards commit amongst the cattle in India must in the aggregate amount to some hundreds of thousand of pounds sterling per annum; for in many districts the inhabitants suffer a loss exceeding a lac of rupees, or £10,000, in the course of a year. A single tiger will kill a bullock or an ox every four or five days, generally eating the hind-quarters the first night, and polishing off the rest of the carcass during the next two nights, when perhaps feeling gorged he will not take the trouble to hunt for a meal until again pressed by hunger: should he however have been fired at on returning to his prey he becomes cunning, and kills an ox whenever he is hungry. A family of tigers, consisting of tiger, tigress, and cubs, will consume an entire bullock every night, and often kill two in a day. Regular cattle lifters are generally well-known to the herdsmen, but as they seldom molest men, and do not confine their depredations to a single village, the natives apathetically put up with their losses, rather than take any active operations against them. Although in almost every village there is a professional shekarry or hunter, he is generally so inefficiently armed with an untrustworthy matchlock as to be unable to cope with his wary antagonist; but when he hears of a bullock having been struck down he proceeds to the spot, and, taking post in the nearest tree, watches by night for the return of the marauder, who, although he may kill and drink the blood during daylight, never feeds before sunset. Sometimes, if he does not bungle at his work, and can get his matchlock to go off, he may succeed in killing or mortally wounding the tiger; but, with his wretched weapons, the chances are that the spoiler escapes unscathed, and becomes far more cunning and suspicious than before. The village shekarry never attempts the system generally adopted by Europeans of tracking up the gorged tiger to his mid-day lair and driving him out, either with beaters and rockets, or, where the jungle is sufficiently open, with a line of elephants; but in many cases he will be able to give much useful information as to his habits and usual resorts, therefore his co-operation should be secured, and a few rupees will not only loosen his tongue but also induce him to accompany the tracking party to mark him down. To stalk a tiger on foot in dense cover is often quite impracticable; as, where there is thick under-growth, the hunter can rarely see three yards before him, whilst every step he takes is seen and heard by his suspicious antagonist, who can if he choose travel round him and take him in rear without the slightest sound betraying his movements. When the country is covered with high grass, it is almost impossible to drive out a tiger even with a strong gang of beaters: besides this is dangerous and uncertain work, and in many cases the tiger will break back through the beat without giving the sportsmen a chance of a shot. Under these circumstances, little or nothing can be done without the aid of trained elephants, when the quarry can be tracked and followed up to his mid-day lair, and killed with but comparatively little danger.

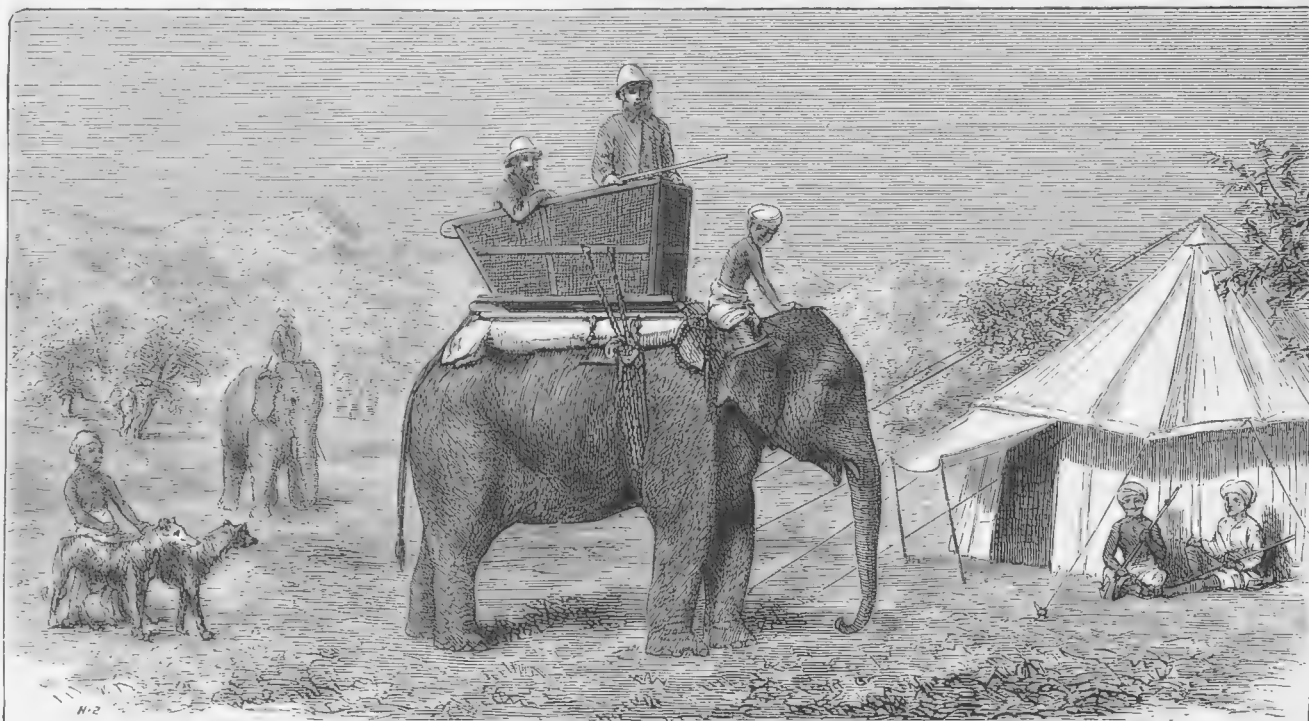
A thoroughly-trained and steady shekar-elephant is invaluable to a sportsman, more especially for beating jungle or high grass; but unbroken or timid ones are worse than useless, as, in the event of a wounded tiger charging, they become ungovernable, and their riders run great danger of being smashed against the overhanging branches of trees.

A well-broken shekar-elephant will beat for his game like a pointer, making his way noiselessly through the brushwood, searching the densest thickets foot by foot, and, at the command of his mahout, throwing stones into the water-courses, where tigers are likely to conceal themselves. When the tiger is afoot, the sagacious animal stands steady at the word of command, so as to allow his master to shoot, and should the animal be wounded and charge, he will stand his ground with the most unflinching courage, as if trusting in the sportsman's coolness and accuracy of aim. Sometimes they display over-eagerness in seeking to kill the tiger themselves by trampling them under foot; and in such a case the rider is liable to be pitched out of the howdah in the struggle. Generally speaking, when mounted on a really well-trained and steady elephant, the hunter is exposed to very little danger; and I know of ladies having killed tigers in this manner. I cannot however say that I am partial to this kind of shooting, not finding much excitement in it; moreover, I never feel sure of my aim when seated on a jolting elephant, and for my own part much prefer the more sportsmanlike proceeding of killing my game on foot, and giving him a fair chance of defending his skin. I may however observe, that I never myself possessed a thoroughly-trained shekar-elephant; and although I have frequently had at my disposition elephants belonging to Government or native friends, I never felt myself quite safe when travelling at any speed across country in a howdah. Although perhaps endowed with as much nerve as the generality of men, I always felt out of my element in a howdah; and notwithstanding I have been out tiger-shooting upon elephants some scores of times, I always felt far more afraid of the elephant taking fright and bolting, or falling down bodily to the bottom of a ravine, or smashing the howdah and its occupants against the overhanging branches of trees, than I ever did of the tiger.

Every man, let his nerve be what it will, must naturally feel alarm in his first crossing a difficult country; but, after a time, with further experience, the feeling to a certain extent wears off, as he begins to understand the method by which the elephant descends and ascends places that seem, for so ponderous and clumsy-looking an animal, actually impracticable. It is not even reasonable to expect a person, unaccustomed to that sort of thing, to believe in the perfectly surprising powers of this huge animal until he has actually seen them exercised. Let the reader imagine himself seated in a large box on the back of an animal ten feet

high, weighing some three or four tons, on the edge of a nullah with steep banks some ten or fifteen feet deep, down which he is about to clamber after a wounded and perhaps infuriated tiger; and if

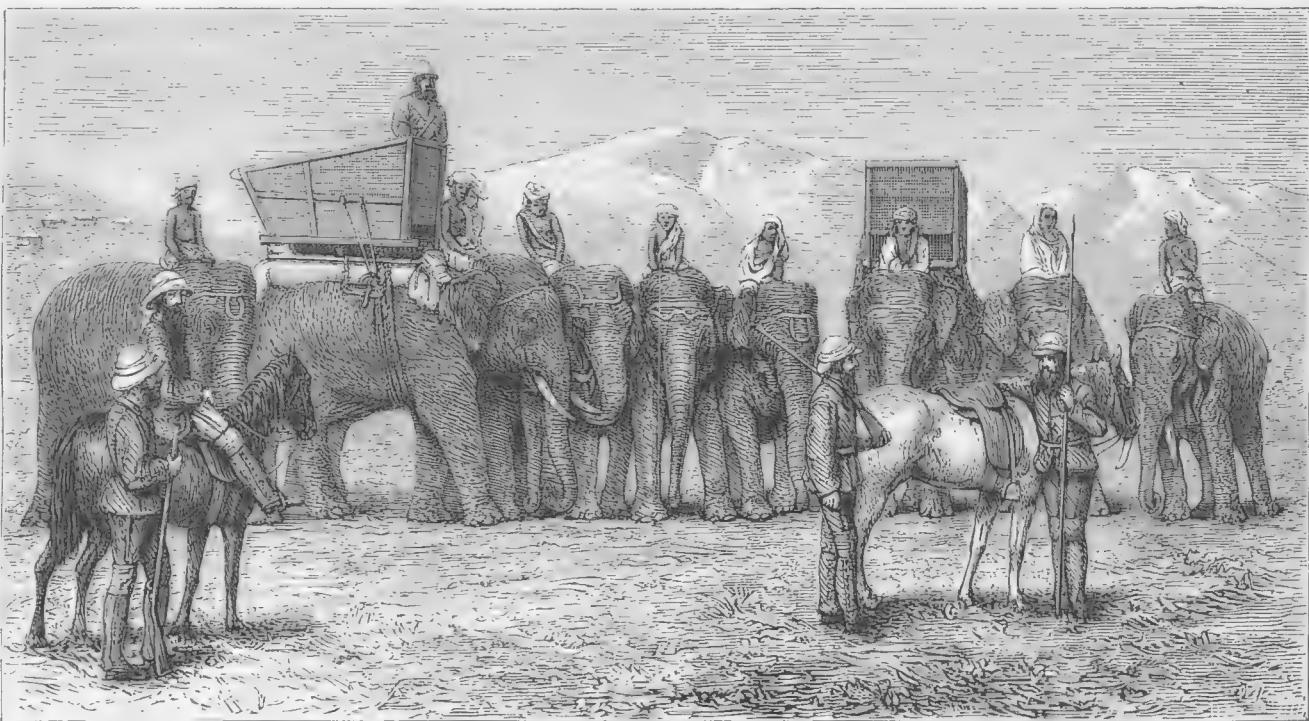
the situation does not try his nerves, he is more than mortal. Riding over the stiffest country is a mere joke to it, for there you feel that you have a certain command over your horse; but, when in a howdah,



A SHEKAR ELEPHANT.

you are helpless, and have to depend entirely upon the *sang froil* of the mahout or native driver and his capability of managing and controlling the elephant's movements. This he does with an iron

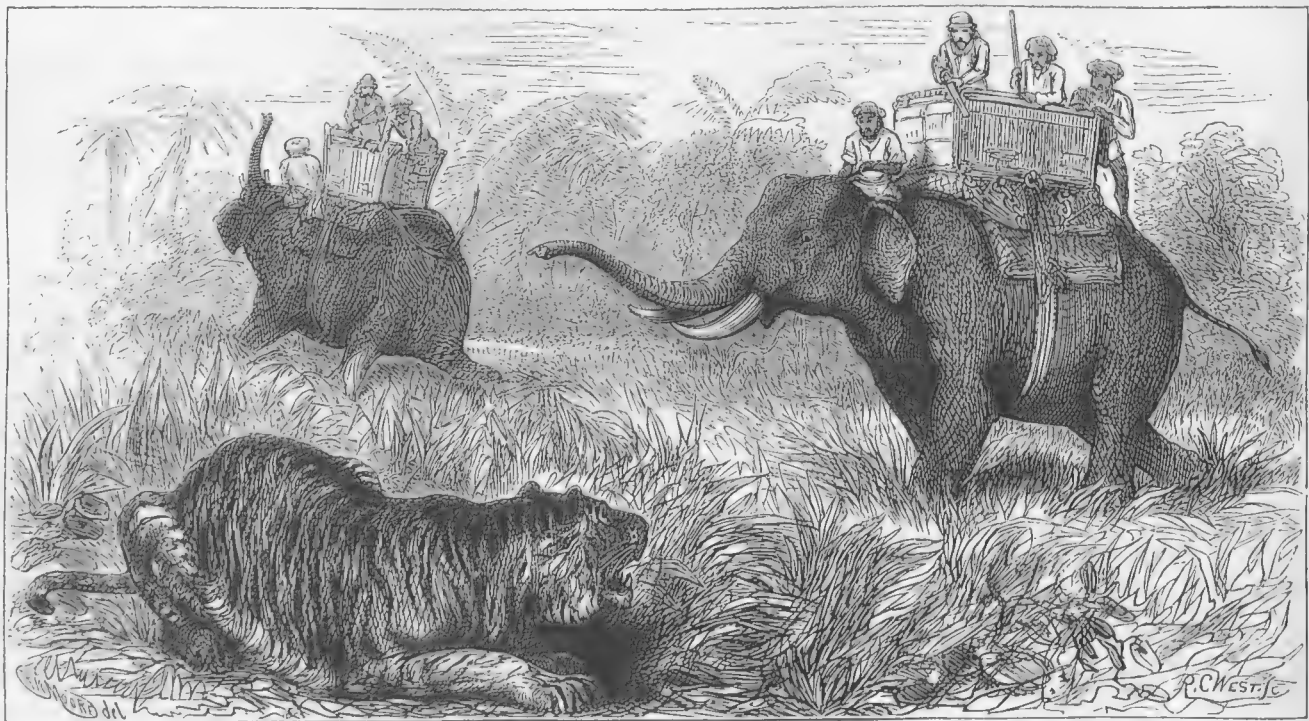
instrument, sharp at the point and the crook. This being pressed with the point to his head, is a signal for him to go forward; on either ear with the crook, to wheel to the right or left; and on the forehead,



A LINE OF ELEPHANTS FOR BEATING JUNGLE.

to stop. By the management of this instrument, accompanied by certain words of command, the paces and the direction of the elephant are regulated. The hind legs of the elephant differ in their

peculiar formation from any other quadruped; as, instead of doubling them under him when he lies down, he extends them behind him as a man does when kneeling. The struggle which horses experience in



THE LAST CHARGE.

rising from the ground is by this arrangement avoided, as when he wishes to regain his legs he simply draws his hind feet gradually under him, and his enormous weight is levered up without any perceptible effort.

Owing to this beautiful mechanism, and the extraordinary development of muscle of the legs and feet, together with his wonderful sagacity and instinct, the elephant is one of the most sure-footed of animals;

and he can ascend and descend the most precipitous slopes carrying a howdah on his back with the greatest ease. His method is simple enough. On descending he drops his hind quarters to the ground, while he stands erect on his fore legs, taking each step with the greatest caution: on ascending the reverse takes place, dropping on his fore whilst erect on his hind quarters; and in this manner, slow but sure, he ascends and descends places that no horse could, even with best and boldest rider on his back. When he cannot find a safe foot-hold, he sets to work making it artificially by beating an indentation in the earth with his broad and heavy foot; and when the fore feet are withdrawn the hind feet are inserted in the same place. From the spongy formation of the sole of the foot, the tread of the elephant even when going his usual pace, a fast swinging walk, is quite inaudible; and, when travelling over loose sand where a horse would sink fetlock deep, an elephant's foot-prints would be scarcely perceptible.

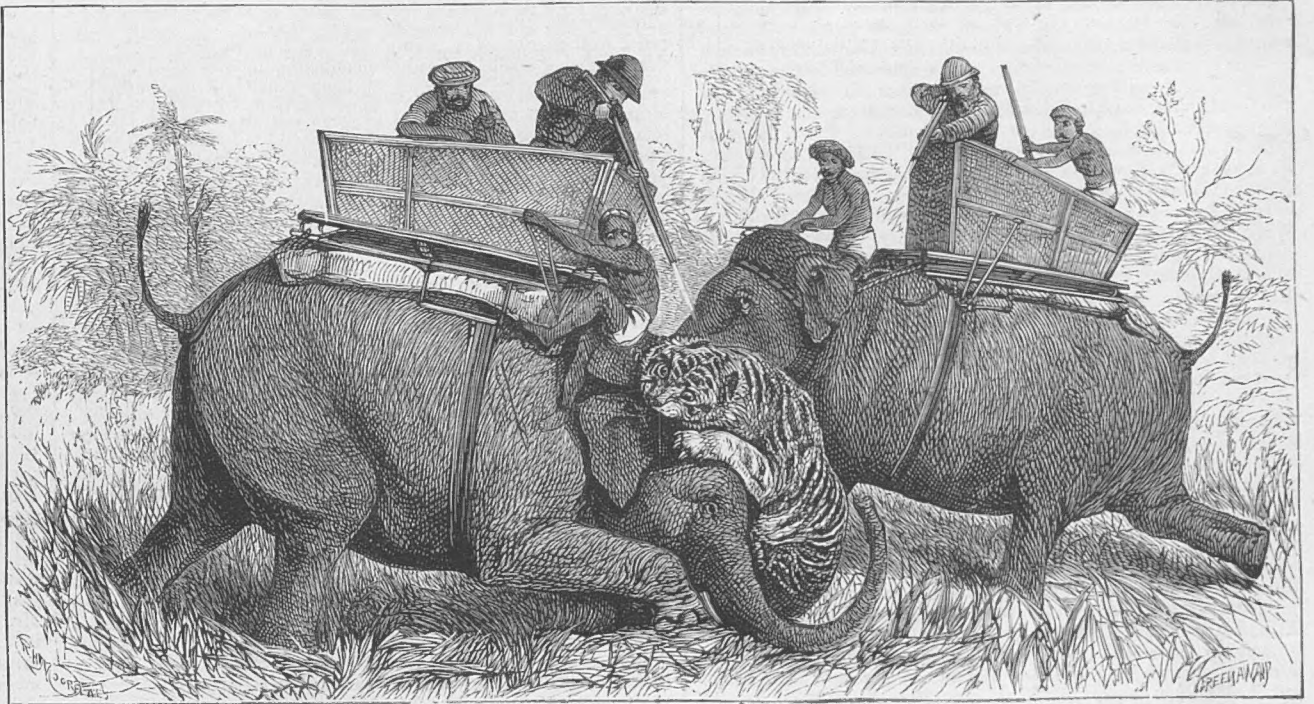
With respect to the best kind of howdah, there are various opinions; and they are made of as many shapes and sizes as the buggies on the Calcutta esplanade, and as *nondescript*; but perhaps the most convenient one for shekar purposes is shown in the engraving. On each corner of the front part of the howdah should be constructed a perfectly secure gun-rack, and it is a good plan to have a block of wood some three or four inches in thickness screwed on the floor, having holes cut out in the shape of the butt and heel of the gun-stock stuffed and padded with leather, to prevent the possibility of accidents happening from the guns shifting by the jolting motion of the elephant. Some sportsmen take large-bore pistols with them in case of the tiger charging the elephant, and coming to close quarters with the occupants of the howdah; but, to be effective, the muzzle must be placed close to the tiger's head, and care must be taken not to hit the mahout, who is far more exposed to the brunt of the attack than the hunters in the howdah. Insignificant as the mahout may look perched straddle-legs on the elephant's neck and dancing from side to side at every stride, he has unquestionably by far the most difficult and arduous part to play in the hunt, and he ought to be a man of tried courage and *sang froid*; for in the first place he is at no great distance from the ground, the top of his head being much lower than the howdah, whilst his feet hang down nearly to the bottom of the elephant's ears, so that he is far more exposed to danger from a tiger charging than the occupants of the howdah. Again, he is unarmed except with his iron crook; and, unless he has perfect confidence in the skill of his master as a marksman, he is not likely to bring his elephant properly up when in momentary expectation of the charge of a furious tiger, who is as likely as not to spring and hang on to the elephant's head. The elephant, like the horse, soon finds out what his rider is made of; and however staunch and well trained the animal may be, he cannot be expected to be steady and go ahead when the mahout is trembling and in a state of "green funk." Many an elephant that turns tail and "takes to his scrapers" at the very smell of a tiger, might be brought well up to the scratch by a really good plucky mahout; and, after he has seen a few tigers killed without any accident happening to himself, he becomes perfectly fearless when in their neighbourhood, and seems to enjoy the sport. The late Captain Forsyth, who had much experience in tiger-shooting from the howdah in the Central Provinces, gives the following interesting account of the wonderful sagacity and staunch courage of a perfectly trained elephant:

"A strange affection springs up between the hunter and his well-tried ally in the chase of the tiger; and a creature, seeming to those who see him only in the menagerie, or labouring under a load of baggage, but a lumbering mass of flesh, becomes to him almost a second self, yielding to his service the perfection of physical and mental qualities of which a brute is capable, and displaying an intelligent interest in his sport of which no brute could be thought to be possessed. No one who has not witnessed it would believe the astonishing caution with which a well-trained elephant approaches a tiger, removing with noiseless adroitness every obstacle of fallen timber, etc., and passing his huge bulk over rustling leaves or rolling stones, or quaking bog, with an absolute and marvellous silence; handing up stones when ordered for his master to fling into a cover; smelling out a cold scent as a spaniel roams a pheasant; and at last, perhaps, pointing dead with sensitive trunk at the hidden monster, or showing with short nervous taps of that organ on the ground that he is somewhere near, though not actually discovered to the senses of the elephant. Then the unswerving steadiness when he sees the enemy he naturally dreads, and would flee from panic-stricken in his native haunts, perhaps charging headlong at his head, trusting all to the skill of his rider, and thoughtless of using his own tremendous strength in the encounter—for a good elephant never attempts to combat the tiger himself. To do so would generally be fatal to the sport, and perhaps to the sportsman too; for no one could stick to an elephant engaged in a personal struggle with a tiger, far less use his gun, under such circumstances. The elephant's business is to stand like a rock in every event, even when the tiger is fastened on his head—as many a good one will do and has done."

It is not one elephant in a thousand that is so thoroughly good in tiger-shooting as this; and such as are, command very high prices in the market. From £200 to £400 is now the value of a thoroughly first-rate shooting elephant, though much sport may be had for one purchased for the smaller sum. Captain Forsyth says: "It is difficult to buy horses at a fair, but the difficulty is ten times greater in the case of elephants. Every one connected with the keeping of elephants (and camels) is by nature and training from his youth a consummate rascal, and the animal himself is subject to numerous and often obscure vices and unsoundness." Elephants differ as widely in their "points" as do horses, and it is very difficult for an uneducated eye to distinguish these, particularly in the fattened-up condition the animals generally carry at the fair. Furthermore, and fortunately enough for us, a native's idea of good points in an elephant (as in the shape of a horse) differs *in toto* from ours. He looks not at all to shape, or good action, or likelihood of standing hard work; but first of all to the presence or absence of certain accidental marks—such as the number of toe-nails on the foot, which may be five or six, but not four—the tail, which must be perfect and with a full tuft—and the colour of the palate, which must be red without spot of black. Some of the best elephants I have known failed in each and all of these points. Then a female or tuskerless male is of small value to a native, who wants big

white tusks. A rough high action, and a trunk and forehead of very light colour, are greatly in request by the native buyer; who looks entirely to show, and covers up every part of the animal except the

face with an enormous parti-coloured cloth. For sporting purposes we look for a small well-bred-looking head and trunk, and a clear, confident eye, devoid of piggish expression, fast easy paces, straight



AN AWKWARD FIX.

back and croup, wide loins, and generally well-developed muscle—a great test of which is the girth of the fore-arm which should measure three feet eight inches in an elephant nine feet high. A very tall

elephant is seldom a good working one, and generally has slow rough paces; so that in a male, nine feet—or a female, eight feet four inches at the shoulders should not be exceeded: a smaller animal than eight feet



AN UNEXPECTED RENCONTRE.

two inches will be under-sized for tiger-shooting purposes. A female makes the best hunting elephant when she is really staunch with game, as her paces and temper are generally better, and she is not

subject to the danger of becoming "must" and uncontrollable, as male elephants do periodically after a certain age. But females are more uncertain as regards courage than males, and it is a risk



THE COUP DE GRACE.

to buy the former untried for shooting purposes. Most *muknas* (tuskerless males) can I believe he relied on to become staunch with tigers when properly trained and entered; and for my own part, if

buying an entirely untried elephant, I would always select a *mukna*. They are generally more vigorous and better developed than tuskless, though not usually so tall; which may be accounted for because young

tusk, after their sharp little tusks begin to grow, prick the mother in the process of sucking, and are consequently driven off by her and allowed to shift for themselves, whilst females and *muknas* continue to be nourished by her until she has got another young one.

All elephants intended to be used in hunting tigers, must be very carefully trained and entered to their game. A good mahout or driver is very difficult to obtain. They differ as much in their command over elephants as do riders of horses; and a plucky driver will generally make a staunch elephant and *vice versa*. The elephant should first be accustomed to the firing of guns from his back, and to seeing deer and other harmless animals shot before him, in company with a staunch companion. He must not be forced on at a tiger, or a hog or bear, which he detests even more, until he has acquired some confidence, though in some few cases he will stand to any animal from the very first. When they have seen a few tigers neatly disposed of, most elephants acquire confidence in their human allies, and become sufficiently steady in the field; but their ultimate qualities will depend much on natural temperament. The more naturally courageous an elephant is, the better chance there is of his remaining staunch after having been mauled by a tiger—an accident to be avoided as long as possible. It will occur at times, however, in the best hands; and then a naturally timid animal, who has only been made staunch by a long course of immunity from injury, will probably be spoiled for life, while a really plucky elephant is often rendered bolder than before by such an occurrence.

The finest sport I ever had in shooting from a howdah was in the Deccan, whilst quartered at Secunderabad. Having obtained a fortnight's leave, I was staying at Chudherghat, near the city of Hyderabad, with a first-rate sportsman, Captain Mounsey, who had lately retired from "The King's Own," and had established himself in a somewhat palatial mansion near the Residency, when we received invitations from the Shazada Mir-fet-Ali, and Abdoola-ben-Ali, the chief of the Arab and Puthan contingent, to accompany them on a pleasure and shekar party at Shah-nugger which was some twenty miles distant. Otter and Madegan of our host's old corps, Blake of the 36th N. I., and Doctor Riddel, from Bolarum, were also asked to join the party; and having sent our horses, tents, baggage, servants, and shekarries on before, early one morning we found ourselves at the village where our native friends were encamped.

The camp was pitched under the shade of a fine peepul grove, and at first sight resembled a great fair, as on one flank quite a large bazaar was established, where, from the hubbub and clamour of voices, it might be imagined that a good trade was being carried on. A large doubled-poled tent, with luxurious furnishings, serving as a *deewan khana* or reception hall, occupied the centre of the position, and separated our tents from our native friends' encampment; and in the rear were picketed over a dozen fine-looking elephants, a long line of gaily caparisoned native hackeries, and several Persian and Deccan bred horses, fattened up with ghee and jagherri, until they looked in the condition of prize oxen. We received a most cordial welcome from our native friends, who were attended by a large suite, including several *taifas* of nautch girls, and a band of native musicians, and sat down to an excellent breakfast, at which our prospects of sport were discussed. The Zemindar of that district, who was present, informed us that he was very glad that we had come, as there were several tigers almost in the immediate neighbourhood, and that scarcely a day passed without some of his villagers losing their cattle. As native reports as a rule are not very reliable, Otter, who was a great linguist, in the course of the forenoon had several herdsmen up, who professed to know the whereabouts of tigers, and questioning them each separately, found their evidence to tally in the main; so it was determined to commence operations the following morning with a grand beat. In the meantime, it was necessary to survey the ground, and determine the line of country we intended to drive; so Blake and I, mounting our horses, with a couple of our own shekarries and some villagers, made a reconnaissance of some likely-looking low hills; whilst Otter, Mounsey, Madegan, Riddel, and our native friends on pad elephants, went to examine a nullah, which was said to be the usual haunt of a family of tigers, who had committed terrible depredations on the villagers' flocks and herds. On our return to camp, we had every reason to be satisfied with our prospects of sport, as we had seen several fresh traces of tigers, bears, and hog, whilst the other party had found a broad ravine, clothed with dwarf jungle and intersected with several nullahs, the sandy beds of which were covered with tigers' foot-prints of many dates, from a week old to fresh pugs made that morning. The Zemindar, having assembled the herdsmen of several of the surrounding villages, gave directions that scouts should be sent out in all the most likely places, and all information sent in at once to camp. He also arranged that at daybreak a line of watchers should be posted in trees on the lateral hills, commanding a view of the ravine we intended to beat, so as to notify the movements made by the tigers, and their line of retreat; and a large body of suwars and matchlock-men were to take post at both sides of the head of the ravine, to drive back the game in case it should attempt to steal away unobserved. The next morning, as we were getting up from breakfast, information came in that several tigers had been marked down, and that all the watchers were at their posts, and in fact that only our presence was necessary for the game to commence. We were to take the field with a line of ten elephants, six of which, intended for our use, carried howdahs, and were considered sufficiently staunch for any kind of game we were likely to meet with; whilst the others, bearing pads, each accommodated half a dozen natives, and sundry boxes containing refreshments. We now stored rifles and ammunition in the howdahs, and paired off, Mounsey riding with the Shazada, Otter with the Zemindar, Doctor Riddel with Abdoola, whilst Blake, Madegan, and I, had only our shekarries with us. We made a somewhat imposing appearance, as we filed out of the village; and forming line as soon as we got into open country, we were soon traversing a fine game country. We first passed a grass-covered maidan, studded with custard-apple bushes, and here we put up great numbers of partridges, hares, and ravine antelope; but they were allowed to go unscathed. Then a couple of sounders of hog were reared, and, as the ground was rideable, "visions of first spears" crossed our minds, and sent the blood coursing through our veins, and we registered a vow to have a spin across country in that district before we were many days older. We were jogging quietly along on the extreme right when we heard a sudden commotion at the other end of the line, followed by the angry trumpeting of an elephant, which gave warning that game was afoot, and very shortly afterwards a tigress and two nearly full-grown cubs sprang out of a patch of dense cover by the dry bed of a water-course thickly overgrown with reeds and long rumnah grass. Crack, crack, went five or six rifles, and the cubs were soon disposed of; but the tigress was but slightly wounded, as she couched low in the high grass, and presented very little chance of a fair shot. However, enraged at the pain of her wounds, and her maternal feelings being roused at the death of her young, with a shrill scream of anger she boldly charged our line, and, springing open-mouth at Mounsey's elephant, seized his ear in

her teeth and left the marks of her claws pretty deeply scored on his shoulder. Luckily old Hyder was a staunch and well-trained tiger-hunter, and undismayed by the suddenness of the attack, with an angry screech he shook her off, and pirouetting, gave her a kick that nearly knocked all the breath out of her body, as for a moment she lay motionless as if quite bewildered; and Mounsey and the Shazada, taking fair aim, let drive, when she rolled over once or twice, stretched out her limbs, and expired.

The game being hoisted on pad elephants, the line was reformed, and shortly afterwards, on passing through a patch of low bush, a magnificent tiger sprang out of some high reeds in the dry bed of a water-course, and I had a fair right and left shot; but, unaccustomed to shoot from a jolting howdah, I missed clean, and a perfect shower of bullets rattled round about him as he dashed across the open. Although he was manifestly hit, from the short sharp yelps he gave, he continued to bound along through the bushes until he passed in front of Madegan's elephant when he had to cross the open bed of a water-course, and a second discharge rolled him over, dead as we thought; but on hurrying up to the spot he was nowhere to be seen, having vanished, as it were, into the ground. Closing up our line, we tracked him by his pugs to some dwarf date-trees and custard-apple bush, when, as we were beating the banks of a nullah, Madegan espied him stealing away furtively behind some reeds, and let drive at him, when he crouched, evidently sulky and meaning mischief. Madegan ordered his mahout to press forward, but he had no heart in the game; which did not add to the steadiness of the beast he was driving, who, upon winding the tiger, gave a scream of alarm, turned tail and fairly bolted. Blake and I now hurried up, and this time I should have got a fair shot had not my elephant accidentally hurt his foot against a sharp stone, and proved so fidgety that I could hardly keep my feet by laying hold of the sides of the howdah, much less take a fair aim; so I reserved my fire, and Blake's elephant charging boldly up to the couching tiger, gave him the chance, and he hurriedly fired a right and left, which wounded the infuriated beast, but did not disable him; for, before the smoke had cleared away, with a hoarse, angry roar, the monster bounded on a low bank, where he stood for an instant with every hair straight on end, and lashing his sides with his tail; and then with a terrific, guttural, growling noise, he sprang on clean to the elephant's forehead, and with claws and fangs fastening on his head and ears, dragged him to his knees. The poor beast screeched piteously, and made frantic efforts to shake off his relentless foe, whose hind claws were lacerating his trunk most dreadfully; and the huge brute, staggering from intense pain, tried to kneel down and crush him; when my elephant, as if suddenly awakened to a sense of duty by the cries of distress emitted by his companion, pluckily rushed up; and, although I felt somewhat afraid of hitting my friend's elephant or mahout instead of the tiger, the case was critical, and as I brushed by I planted a right and left just behind the top of the shoulder-blade; and Blake, who never for a moment lost his presence of mind, leaned over the front of the howdah, and almost simultaneously lodged the contents of his second gun in the nape of his neck, when the brute relaxed his hold and fell to the ground writhing in his last agony. Hardly was Blake's elephant freed from the worrying gripe of the tiger, than, excited by rage mingled with revenge, he coiled up his trunk, and, uttering a terrific trumpeting noise, knelt down and literally lifting the prostrate carcase on his tusks, chucked it on one side, and commenced dancing a war dance upon it, to the utter discomfiture of the sportsman in the howdah and his attendant, who had to hold on like grim death. The mahout was dislodged from his seat, but retaining his hold of the ropes eventually regained it, and guns, rifle, and all the loose gear were pitched on the ground before the frantic animal could be quieted and forced away from the carcase by the other elephants. The sight was ludicrous enough for the spectators, but Blake did not seem to see any fun in it, and to add to his discomfiture the stock of a valuable gun was broken in the fall, a loss not easily made good at an up-country station.

After this little episode we beat some high grass country for some hours, but only found an occasional sounder of hog or a few straggling antelope; so we returned to camp fairly satisfied with our first day's work, and finished the night with a *burra khana* (great dinner) and a nautch.

(To be continued.)

CAPT. ROBERTS'S Pigeon will arrive next week at the training quarters of Page, who is to train him for steeple-chasing.—*Le Sport.*

RACING IN INDIA.—If we may believe the *Pioneer's* Calcutta correspondent, the races at that place must have been very poor indeed. The following is the description of them:—"Wretched attendance. No excitement, no sport, no anything." We pity the poor wretches who witnessed them.—*Madras Times.*

DEATH OF COLONEL JAMES.—The death of Colonel James, at Nuddea near Calcutta, affords additional evidence that, as has always been maintained by Indian officers, pig-sticking is more dangerous than fox-hunting. It appears that while Colonel James was galloping, spear under arm, after a hog, his horse fell when going at full speed, and rolled over the unfortunate sportsman, whose neck was dislocated. At the moment when the accident happened Colonel Jones was far ahead of the other pursuers, and it is supposed that the pig, finding himself outstripped by the horse, ran under the forelegs of the latter animal and brought him and his rider headlong to the ground. Death must have been instantaneous, and to so ardent and resolute a sportsman as the gallant Colonel, whose fearlessness in danger had again and again been demonstrated, it may possibly have seemed a not inglorious end. Although the accidents to life and limb which occasionally happen in the hunting-field, the steeple-chase, and among aspirants to "the spear of honour" are well calculated to give sportsmen pause, we have no apprehension that any of these sports will be unfavourably affected by disasters from which no calling or business in life, however serious, is safe. The natural *verve* and pluck of young Englishmen cannot find vent except in vigorous exercise and manly pursuits. Whether at home or *outrémer*, our compatriots are never likely to lose their appetite for the chase, and pig-sticking has charms for many to whom fox-hunting appears tame and unsatisfactory. It requires no slight skill in the saddle and no ordinary pluck to ride at full gallop across ground broken into nullahs and ravines, and with logs of trees concealed among the long grass, in pursuit of a wild pig, which for a mile or so can maintain a pace none but the most active of horses and the boldest of riders can accomplish. It has always been notorious that nothing is more dangerous than for the horseman to get a little ahead of the pig, which instantly charges among the legs of the pursuing horse; and we can only hope that the latest accident will teach caution to the young officers who continually ride out from cantonments upon a pig-hunt. The joys of the pursuit have often been recited in Indian books of sport; but that it possesses rare fascinations even for English sportsmen is attested by the circumstance that Colonel Napier Sturt, who is now on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Northbrook, at Calcutta, has taken to pig-hunting with the same keen zest which he displays when following the Dorsetshire hounds at home.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Private Theatricals.

LADBROKE HALL.

A PRIVATE dramatic performance given by Mr. Williams, took place on Monday evening. The first piece on the programme was the farce of *A Regular Fir*, in which Mr. S. Caffrey sustained the character of 'Hugh de Brass,' with an amount of success which must have been very gratifying to him. The piece rested entirely on his shoulders, and he succeeded in thoroughly amusing the audience. The rest of the characters were fairly represented by Messrs. Major, Browne, Hadfield, Crook, and Franks; and Mesdames Montague, Royston, Price, and Gordon; then followed the *pièce de résistance*, Robertson's comedy, *Caste*. In this we were most agreeably surprised, for the acting all round was of such an even character, that it would be a difficult task to find fault with anyone individually. Mr. John Caffrey as the 'Hon. George D'Alroy,' pleased us very much, indeed this gentleman is evidently no novice, for both in action and delivery he is simply perfect. Special praise is due to him in the scene where, on his return from India, he finds his wife in distress, in consequence of her drunken father having squandered all the money left her. And upon learning that friends had assisted her, the quiet, yet impressive manner with which he grasped the hands of Captain Hautree and Sam Gerridge with a fervent "thank you old fellow," caused a thrill to run through the hall. Mr. Carnon gave an admirable rendering of 'Captain Hautree,' and would have been completely successful had he spoke louder. The 'Sam Gerridge' of Mr. John Owen was capitally played. The scene with his sweetheart, Polly Eccles, being highly relished, the audience fairly screamed when in the last act he reads the circular addressed to his patrons upon having purchased the business of the late Mr. Binks, and at the expression of delight he displayed in showing Polly the furniture which he has purchased for their future home. We scarcely ever remember to have seen anything more naturally done, and must most heartily congratulate Mr. Owen upon the success he achieved. We next come to the 'Eccles' of Mr. Frank Walters, which was a gem in itself. Nothing could be funnier than the manner in which he delivered the words, which the clever author has put into his mouth. It is undoubtedly the part of the piece, and so Mr. Walters made it; not one point was missed, neither did he, as unfortunately is the case with many actors with this part, over exaggerate it. At times he fairly convulsed the audience with laughter. And, now for the ladies,—Miss Minnie Owen as 'Esther,' and Miss Ada Thomas as 'Polly Eccles'; the sisters displayed an ability seldom witnessed at private performances, in fact, both these ladies deserve a prominent position on the legitimate boards. They fully deserved the storm of applause which greeted them upon their making their bow before the curtain. Mrs. Montague was very successful as the 'Marquise de St. Maur.' The whole entertainment was a complete success, and deservedly so.

MR. GEORGE BELMORE announces his benefit at the Princess's for next Monday.

THERE will be another morning performance of the pantomime at the Surrey Theatre to-day.

MR. W. S. GILBERT is writing a poetical play, to be produced in the provinces by Mr. Reginald Moore.

NEXT Saturday is now fixed for the revival of *The Lancashire Lass* at the Princess's, and the following Saturday, February 13, for *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Adelphi.

MR. BAUM, who has so successfully directed the Alhambra for the last three years, succeeds from the management in March. It is rumoured that he will be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Liston.

HARRY BOLENO, so long associated as clown with the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane and other theatres, died a few days since at the Swan, at Windsor, of which well-known hostelry he had been landlord for some time.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Sir Julius Benedict will play his solo, "Where the bee sucks," on one of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Son's concert grands with the lately patented improvements, at a concert to be given at St. James's Hall to-night (Friday), for the benefit of Mr. H. King.

THE WARDROBERS have ceased their occupancy of the Criterion Great Hall, where they have been far from successful, a result solely attributable to the indifferent nature of the entertainment provided for them, and which was wholly unworthy of their undoubted talent and versatility as remarkably clever mimics.

BULLOCK'S ROYAL MARIONETTES, whose clever and life-like performances afforded so much amusement some two years ago at the St. James's and Egyptian Halls, reappear in London on Monday next, at the Westbourne Hall, after a successful tour in the provinces, where they have been exhibited since their return from America in July last.

ILLNESS OF SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.—Sir Sterndale Bennett, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, who has been indisposed for some time, was seized with serious illness on Friday last, and yesterday the medical men who are attending him, Sir William Gull, Dr. King, and Mr. Forbes, considered that the symptoms were such as to cause grave anxiety.

WE are glad to learn that Mr. Robert Soutar, who unfortunately broke his arm in a severe fall he met with during the frost at Christmas time, is sufficiently recovered to resume his duties as stage manager—trebly arduous as they now are—at the three theatres under the direction of Mr. Hollingshead, viz., the Gaiety, Opera Comique, and Holborn Amphitheatre.

THE HAYMARKET programme will undergo an entire change to-night, when a new comedieta by Mr. C. M. Rae, will be produced; to be followed by two revivals, the late Mr. Robertson's comedy of *Home*, in which Mr. Sothern will sustain his original character of 'Colonel White,' Mr. Lytton Sothern will make his first appearance in London, and Miss Ada Ward, specially engaged, will also appear; and *The Serious Family*, in which Mr. Buckstone will resume his well-known assumption of 'Amanadab Sleek.'

She Stoops to Conquer will be repeated at the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, with the same cast as last week, and at the next two *matinées*, on next and following Saturdays, the 6th and 13th February, Shakspeare's play of *As You Like It* will be represented, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as 'Orlando' and 'Rosalind,' Mr. Hermann Vezin as 'Jacques,' Mr. Taylor as 'Touchstone,' Mr. Maclean as 'Adam,' Mr. Belford as the 'Duke,' Mr. Cotte as 'Amiens,' Miss Righton as 'Phebe,' Miss Douglas as 'Celia,' &c., &c.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.—The project, in which Mr. Mapleson and Sir Michael Costa are associated, for the erection of a new opera-house on the Victoria Embankment, may now be considered in a fair way of realisation. On Monday last the Board of Works met for the purpose of considering the arrangement made by Mr. Mapleson with the commissioners for the erection of a new opera-house on the embankment between St. Stephen's Club and the New Street, to be formed by the demolition of Northumberland House. The Board unanimously sanctioned the conditions, whereby Mr. Mapleson has obtained a lease of the site for eighty years.

"COSPATRICK" RELIEF FUND.—To-night (Saturday) the Comus Dramatic Club will give a performance at the St. George's Theatre, Langham Place, in aid of this fund, when Mrs. Hermann Vezin will make her first appearance in London for two years, as 'Madame de Fontanges' in *Plot and Passion*. The performance will open with the farce of *The Unfinished Gentleman*, and close with *Boots at the Swan*. We beg also to call attention to an advertisement which appears in another column of a special grand morning performance which will take place on Saturday, February 6, at two o'clock, at the Princess's Theatre, in aid of the *Cospatrick* Relief Fund. Tickets may be secured at the Box-office, and at all the principal libraries.

MR. S. HAYES, of the West-end Box Office, also announces a morning performance in aid of the *Cospatrick* Fund, to take place at the Princess's Theatre next Saturday, when *The Hunchback* will be represented, supported by Miss Alleyne as 'Julia,' Miss Erskine as 'Helen,' Mr. Ryder as 'Master Walter,' and Mr. Terriss as 'Sir Thomas Clifford.' The play will be followed by a concert, supported by Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Violet Granville, Signor Danieli, and Signor Rocco. Mr. Lindsay Sloper will be the conductor.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The performance of T. W. Robertson's clever comedy, *Home*, at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, will derive considerable interest from the fact that Mr. Lytton Sothorn will make in it his first appearance in London as 'Bertie.' The *début* of the son of an actor so famous as Mr. Sothorn will naturally be looked for with great interest, and, judging from his recent success at Birmingham in *A Regular Pir*, Mr. Lytton Sothorn is likely to prove himself well worthy of his distinguished name.

ELTHAM MILITARY HUNT STEEPLE CHASE AND HURDLE RACE MEETING.—The principal stakes to be run for at this meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 2 and 3, have closed with good acceptances. The Belmont Hurdle Race (21 subscribers), Maiden Hurdle Stakes (17 subscribers), Eltham Handicap Steeple Chase (14 subscribers), Middle Park Hurdle Handicap Plate (25 subscribers), Woolwich Handicap Hurdle Race (26 subscribers).

KILDARE HARRIERS HUNT MEETING.—Monday, January 25. —Results:—Lark Lodge Plate: Mr. Cassidy's Pride of Kildare, by Plum Pudding or Canary, out of Hibernia, first; Barriade, second; Petrel, third. Fourteen ran. Won in a canter by ten lengths. Sportsman's Selling Plate: Mr. Sheridan's Generalissimo, by Artillery, out of Irritation, first; The Brewer, second; Butterfly, third. Won by two lengths. Kildare Harriers Hunt Plate: Mr. Gartland's Rock Savage, by Fright, out of X L, first; Penitence, second; Hailstorm, third. Twelve ran. Won by five lengths. The Warrior's Plate was won by Captain Bayley's Azov, by Solon, out of Hard Cake, beating Vulcan.

THE THEOBALD STUD FARM.—The antique red brick mansion at Stockwell, formerly inhabited by the late Mr. Theobald, has been pulled down, and the stabling and loose boxes, in which some of the most celebrated entire racehorses stood for stud purposes, among them Camel, Rockingham, Mameluke, The Baron, and others, are doomed to destruction. The famous paddocks, in which the celebrated horse Stockwell—the sire of several Derby winners—was reared, are destined for building purposes. This stud farm, which at one time was one of the most compact of the kind near London, and was occupied by a most valuable stud, has, since the death of Mr. Theobald, undergone several vicissitudes; it has been let to horse-dealers and others, and will now be a thing of the past.

COUNTY DOWN STEEPLE-CHASES.—On Saturday a meeting of the subscribers of the County Down Steeple-chases was held in the Court-house, Downpatrick. The annual subscriptions amount to £20 over the previous year, but, owing to the severe weather experienced at the last meet, the receipts of the stand had fallen off. It was stated that a considerable amount had been expended in building refreshment rooms, &c., but notwithstanding that fact there was a balance in the treasurer's hands. The committee for the present year were appointed, and the names of Viscount Newry and Armour Corry, Esq., were added to those of the stewards. The programme for the present year was submitted, showing five events for the first day, and six for the second. Arrangements were made to have the telegraph wire extended to the course, and several other improvements are to be made. The meeting will take place on March 10 and 11.

CASSE TETE.—Mr. Brayley scratched his mare, Casse Tête, for the Bristol Royal Steeple-chase as soon as he saw the weights. The Norfolk and Norwich Steeple Chases are arranged to be held at Hethersett, under Grand National Rules, on Monday, March 8.

LEWES.—Henry Hawes, for many years with T. Read, has been engaged as head lad to E. Caswell. Hawes commenced his new duties on Monday.

REUGNY was struck out of the Bristol Royal Steeple-chases, and Cramoisi out of the United Kingdom Steeple-chase at Croydon, to Messrs. Weatherby immediately the weights appeared.

GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES.—We beg to call the attention of our military readers to an advertisement in another column referring to the closing of the stakes at this meeting. The closing of the yeomanry races have been extended to the same date as for the grand military events.

EGLENTON HUNT MEETING.—We beg to call attention to the advertisement in another column of the above meeting; which has been brought forward this year into April, in the hopes of attracting more steeple-chase horses. The added money, it will be observed, is on a most liberal scale, and the course is a very fair one.

PRIDE OF KILDARE.—This mare, by Plum Pudding or Canary, out of Hibernia, who has so often carried Mr. J. A. Cassidy's colours to the front on the flat, and who on Monday made a successful *début* at steeplechasing at Kildare, has been sold for something close on £200 to Captain Bates, who will, on the occasion of her next win, hand her late owner £100 out of the stakes.

RUGBY HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES.—We call attention to the programme of this meeting, to be held on February 23 and 24. The Grand Military have again decided to run over the splendid Rugby course, and have added to their already capital programme two races for hunters, the property of yeomanry officers. Several of the stakes have been increased in value by the local committee, and should the weather be favourable, there is little doubt that this year's meeting will be a highly successful one.

THE GAME PRESERVES AT SANDRINGHAM.—The last *bathus* of the season among the game by the royal shooting parties in the preserves at Sandringham is to be made to-day and to-morrow, should nothing seriously occur to frustrate the arrangements, when both ground and winged game will be shot and the rabbits thinned out. The extensive coverts of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, at Elvedon Hall, Thetford, which are the most prolific pheasant preserves in the county of Cambridge, will not again be disturbed this season, but the hares and rabbits in the out districts are to be killed down.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.—The Oxford crew went out on Saturday. The first time down both Messrs. Tancred and Way (Brasenose College) were out of the boat, Messrs. Stayner (president), and Brown (Trinity), who rowed in the Trial Eights, taking their places. Mr. Way coached from the Long Bridges in a gig, coaching on horseback on the bank being totally impracticable, owing to the rapid rising of the river, which overflows the bank to a great depth. Mr. Chambers took the Cambridge crew under his immediate supervision on Saturday, and, accompanied by the president, took them in fairly long pieces down to Baitsbite. On the return Rhodes went to the stroke thwart instead of Wood. They then pulled up to Charns Ferry in one long piece, at about 28 per minute, and, after another breathing on the bank, paddled home.—On Tuesday the Oxford crew rowed to Sandford Lock, and their president gave them walking and running exercise back. The stream was higher and stronger than on Monday, and after the crew had been pushed off from the barge they were soon lost to view below the long bridges, the pace being exceedingly fast, and the form level and true. Mr. Hall, who has on several occasions acted as coxswain to the Oxford eight on the London waters, had charge of the "strings." The Cambridge crew were out earlier, the tub pair practice having been confined to Stuart and Phillips. The bow oar in the eight was taken by Donaldson, of Third Trinity, in the place of S. W. Lewis, of Caius. Mr. Rhodes coached as usual from the bank on horseback. The journey of the crew was limited to a spot within half of Lower Locks, and on returning they rowed from Littlebridge to Charon's Ferry in one piece, Wood setting a stroke of 20 per minute. The remainder of the work was mere paddling, and Searle's was regained shortly before four. Davis, the coxswain, was temporarily superseded by young Day, a townsman.

SLIGO STEEPLE CHASES are announced for Thursday, April 22. The Wenlock and Wheatland Hunt Steeple-chases will take place on April 2.

M. H. SUERMONT has sold the stallion Templier to Count de Metternich.

SINCE Monday last the horses in training at Chantilly have been galloping on the racecourse.

MESSAGE was struck out of the Croydon Steeple-chase as soon as his owner saw the weights.

EAST KENT HUNT STEEPLE-CHASES will take place in Walder-share Park, on Monday, April 5.

BARBILON.—This son of Pretty Boy and Scozzone has gone into Suffolk to join The Beadle at the stud.

IMPLOER.—This five-year-old gelding by Beadsman out of Revival, has been renamed *Little George*.

THE Marseilles Races will take place on Thursday and Sunday, May 6 and 9, and those at Fécamp on Sunday, July 18.

CARRICKMACROSS.—This meeting, arranged to be brought off last Wednesday, has been postponed until February 23.

MORPETH RACES.—At a meeting of the Morpeth Race Committee, on Friday evening last, Mr. W. Hall in the chair, £500 was voted to be added to the various stakes at the meetings to be held on Thursday and Friday, April 29 and 30.

CURIOUS THEATRICAL RELIC.—The *Celestial Empire*, of Shanghai, gives the following account of a curious discovery lately made in a lumber-room in that city: "Lying on the desk before us, we have an ancient-looking volume which has lately been discovered among the lumber of a godown belonging to one of the leading firms in Shanghai; and the 'find' is curious and valuable to a degree. It is neither more nor less than the original manuscript of accounts of Drury Lane Theatre during the years 1816 and 1817—a thickish book, about a foot square; and though a trifle tattered, it is otherwise in excellent preservation. The contents are most interesting, and we cannot resist the temptation to reproduce a few items for the amusement of our readers. The first that strikes us is dated the 28th of August, 1816, and runs thus—'Miss O'Neil a Bill for her Benefit Balance last season, £305 12s. 6d.' On the next page the name of Macready figures prominently, followed by 'Mrs. Glover in full for her Engagement, £30.' The Duke of Cambridge receives £12 19s. 6d. 'to Lady Day last,' and on the other side we find 'Of Marquis Salisbury for his private box this S, £420.' Mr. Charles Kemble then appears as having received £203 6s. 6d. as 'his Benefit Balance last Season,' while two pages further on there occurs the item 'Reed. of His R.H. the Dk of York in full for his private Box last Season £105.' On Saturday, the 9th of November, 1816, the programme seems to have been *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Broken Sword*; to which entry is appended the following note: 'N.B. Miss O'Neil was unable to play.' Then come two entries in which 'J. P. Kemble, Esq.,' figures as having received £410 and £37 respectively, and after this we have the astonishing item, 'Mr. Hughes spangles for Ward Robe last season £68 7s. 4d.!' Mrs. Siddons next appears, but as far as we can make out, only once: 'Mrs. Siddons, for her Engagem' last season a Bill due 16th October last £280 18s. 6d.' Thursday, the 12th December, seems to have had an unfortunate financial result, for although the programme consisted of *King John* and *Love à la Mode*, there is a note appended: 'N.B. Rain all the Evening.' Then comes—on Saturday, 4th January, 1817—'Pd. Master Grimaldi 8 Nts performance in Pante. £8. Signor Ruggieri in full £22.' We have marked a few more entries which are amusing enough, and give them in succession: 'Pd. Mr. Young—3 Nts. Salaries not before charged £72.' 'Pd. Mr. Quin—Stamps in the Day and Traveller £89 1s. 6d.' 'Pd. Copeland for a forged Note £1.' 'Pd. Mr. Booth Six Nts. Salaries £8.' 'Pd. Lambert—a troublesome Tontiner, £9 17s. 1d.' 'Pd. Miss Stephens on Acc. of a Bill due 15 Dec., £70.' 'Pd. J. P. Kemble Esqre. one Nt. performance 24 Ins £31 10s.' 'The Gas-light Company to the 3rd inst. £58 6s. 2d.' Certainly an old godown in China is about the unlikely place for a curiosity of this sort to turn up, and little did the compiler of these figures ever imagine that fifty-seven years later his old accounts would be unearthed in such a distant corner of the globe as Shanghai, and trotted out for the edification of mankind generally in the columns of a local newspaper. The handwriting is excellent, but the ink has faded to a dingy brown."

Advertisements.

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COOK'S GRAND AMERICAN TOUR-

NAMENT.—This HANDICAP will be continued at BENNETT'S BILLIARD SALOON on FRIDAY, January 29, and following days. The undermentioned players will compete:—

W. Cook, Champion, scrch.	S. W. Stanley	120
J. Roberts, jun., (ex-Champion)	W. Timbrell	140
J. Bennett, (ex-Champion)	A. Bennett (Champion of the Midlands), ..	160
T. Taylor	L. Kilkenny, (Champion of Yorkshire),	160

Heats: 500 up.

Order of play:—

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29.

3.0—Taylor v. A. Bennett.	8.0—J. Bennett v. Kilkenny.
4.30—Cook v. Stanley.	9.30—Roberts v. Timbrell.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30.

3.0—Stanley v. A. Bennett.	8.0—J. Bennett v. Timbrell.
4.30—Cook v. Kilkenny.	9.30—Roberts v. Taylor.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

3.0—A. Bennett v. Kilkenny.	8.0 Stanley v. Timbrell.
4.30—J. Bennett v. Taylor.	9.30—Cook v. Roberts.

Admission to each afternoon or evening's play, reserved and numbered seats, 5s.; tickets for the entire tournament, £2 2s. Tickets may be had, and plan seen, at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; A. Hays's, Royal Exchange Buildings; Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, 19, Soho-square; Cook's Rooms, 99, Regent-street, and Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street, City; and Joseph Bennett's, 315, Oxford-street. The American system is that each player plays every other player; the winner of the most games takes first prize. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts have given £100, to which will be added the profits arising from admission money, &c., which will be divided proportionately among the players; the first man will also receive a gold medal; W. Cook will give a locket, value £10, to the scorer of the greatest break. The tournament will be played on an ordinary Burroughes and Watts' table.

A MATCH for £100 A-SIDE, 1000

up, between W. COOK, (Champion), and T. TAYLOR, the latter receiving 200 points, to be played on an ordinary Burroughes and Watts' match billiard table, will take place at BENNETT'S BILLIARD SALOON, 315, Oxford-street, on WEDNESDAY, February 3. Play to commence at eight o'clock. Admission, reserved and numbered seats, 10s. Tickets can be obtained at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; A. Hays's, Royal Exchange Buildings; Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, 19, Soho-square; Cook's Billiard Rooms, 99, Regent-street, and Guildhall Tavern, Gresham-street, City; Bennett's Billiard Saloon, 315, Oxford-street; and Taylor's Rooms, 337, Strand, W. C.

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SALES BY AUCTION.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

NOTICE.—THE ELEVEN HORSES, well-known with the Quorn, Belvoir, Cottesmore, and Mr. Tailby's, the property of a gentleman, advertised for SALE by Messrs. TATTERSALL, on MONDAY, February 8, is POSTPONED till MONDAY, February 15.

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THETIS, bay mare, aged, by Neptuneus out of Toitool, by Stockwell; winner of many races, and would make a good brood mare.

PUMPERNICKEL (late Whitebait), 4 years old, by Brown Bread out of Josephine; winner of many races.

LADY AMYAS (own sister to Sir Amyas), 3 years old, by Trumpeter out of Ayacanora.

GISSY QUEEN, 3 years old, by Moulsey out of Gipsy Girl, by Turnus.

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Buyers have the advantage of seeing the animals ridden and driven. Veterinary examinations are in all cases invited. They are at liberty to refer to the owners if desired. From sixty to one hundred horses are always on view.

Sellers of useful sound horses have the satisfaction of knowing that their animals are thoroughly well taken care of, and will be sold without delay, and that prompt settlements will be made four days after the sale.

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THE LONDON CO-OPERATIVE WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited).

STORES, 446, STRAND
(OPPOSITE CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION).

THE ASSOCIATION was established in OCTOBER, 1873, for the purpose of providing a CO-OPERATIVE STORE devoted exclusively to the supply of WINES, SPIRITS, and LIQUEURS, where there should be given that personal attention to the tastes and wants of customers which had hitherto been found only in the best conducted private establishments. The management is in the hands of a gentleman who retired from partnership in an old-established firm of wine merchants, in order to undertake his present post, and who bestows the same attention upon the tastes of purchasers as can be done in a private business. The advantages of co-operation are not unknown, but the reasons why a Co-operative Wine Store can compete favourably with old-established firms of wine merchants are less understood. They are—

1. The practice prevails of sending out travellers, who receive salary, commission, and travelling expenses, and also of giving a commission of from 5 to 10 per cent. to salesmen (often gentlemen of good social position), all which must fall on the purchaser.
2. In a private business the loss from bad debts is heavy, whereas in a Co-operative Store payment is made before the purchaser takes possession, and there is absolutely no risk of loss on this score.
3. This prior payment provides to the store an increasing working capital as the turnover increases; whereas every trader knows that as his business grows more and more money is absorbed by his book debts, and a larger capital is needed. The goods are sold at a store, and money paid for them before, in the ordinary course of trade, the wholesale dealer receives payment, and therefore the accession of business provides its own needed capital.
4. The annual payment of 5s. for a ticket, although not felt in the unit, amounts in the aggregate to so large a sum as to contribute substantially towards payment of rent, salaries, &c.

The governing council are issuing tickets to the public entitling them to purchase from the Association on the same terms as to prices and discounts as Shareholders.

ANNUAL TICKETS, 5s.

TICKETS NOW ISSUING. AVAILABLE TILL 31st DECEMBER, 1875.

Applications for tickets, giving name in full, address, and usual signature, must be accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the ticket.

For Price Lists address
FREDERICK BARLEE, Secretary (pro tem.).

Stores, 446, Strand, W.C.

BEAUFORT PRIVATE HOTEL, 14 & 15, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND.
PROPRIETORS—Messrs. DELAMOTTE.
The best accommodation for Families at Moderate Charges. Bed and Breakfast, 3s. 6d. Gentlemen can have their business or private correspondence addressed and forwarded.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.
General Accidents. Personal Injuries.
Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents.
C. HARDING, Manager.

SIREES FOR THE SEASON, 1875.

At Street Farm, Buckland, Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST; twenty mares, including his owner's, at 30 guineas a mare and 1 guinea to the groom.

Address, THOMAS CARTWRIGHT, as above.

Stallions at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush.

COSTA, by the Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 in., with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good race-horse at all distances. Has had few mares, but has eight good foals this year.

At ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom.

CLANSMAN, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules. Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has good prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides.

At five guineas thorough-bred, at three guineas half-bred mares; and five shillings the groom.

THE CHILD OF THE ISLANDS, a bay Arabian of the highest caste, about 14 hands 3 in., imported last year.

Thorough-bred mares at five guineas.

At Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor) —Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz; sire of Chawbacon, Plebeian, &c. At twenty guineas, and one guinea the groom.

RUPERT (foaled 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 1 in., by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam (a Lanercost or Retriever mare), her dam, Physalis, by B. Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of General Peel's dam, Brown Bess, by Camel (by Whalebone). Rupert thus combines the fastest with the best staying blood. He is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper. He was a good race-horse, started six times at three years old, winning three times—the Rous Stakes, the Drawing-room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running for the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth for the Derby. At ten guineas thoroughbred mares, and five guineas half-bred mares.

PROMISED LAND, by Jericho out of Glee, by Touchstone; dark brown without white, 16 hands, with fine action, power, and temper; winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and Goodwood Cup. At five guineas thoroughbreds, three guineas half-bred mares, farmers' mares at two guineas.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert Gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern.

All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. ELMER, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

TO SERVE MARES, 1875.

At Baumber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

MERRY SUNSHINE, (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer out of Sunflower (dam of Sunlight, Crocus, &c.) by Bay Middleton, at 10gs. a mare, groom's fee included.

Merry Sunshine is a bay horse, standing 16.1, has great bone, good action, and is sound.

Apply to Mr. SHARPE, as above.

ARAB PONY STALLION, at the Tarr Tavern,

Dringhouses, near York.

JAMIL, chestnut, height 13 hds. 1½ in., of the purest blood of Arabia, and exceedingly handsome. He ran ten times in India, winning seven times, at all distances. Took 1st prize at the Horse Show of all India at Poona in 1873. Imported by, and the property of Captain Dent, 3rd Hussars. Twenty-five mares at £5 a mare, and five shillings the groom.

Apply to Mr. DREWRY as above.

GOOD STABLING FOR MARES.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

MACGREGOR (winner of 2000 guineas, he beat winners of Derby, Oaks, and Leger), by Macaroni, at 15 guineas; winners or their dams of good races half price.

STENTOR (winner of French 2000 guineas, sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best three years old in France), by De Clare—Songstress, winner of Oaks, at 10 guineas.

IDUS (best four years old of his year, winner of Newmarket Handicap, he beat Rosicrucian, Musket, Paganini, &c.), by Wild Dayrell, at 10 guineas; winners or their dams of 100 sovs. half price.

HESPER (winner of many races), at 6 guineas.

Apply to STUB GRON for full particulars.

At the Cobham Paddocks, Surrey.

BLAIR ATHOL, at 100 guineas a mare.

—Subscription full.

MARSYAS, at 50 guineas a mare.—Subscription full.

MACARONI, at 50 guineas a mare.—The subscription to this horse is full.

WILD OATS, by Wild Dayrell out of The Golden Horn, by Harkaway. Thirty mares, including the Company's, at 25 guineas each.

CHATTANOOGA (Sire of Wellingtonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacanora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15 guineas a mare.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed.

Foaling mares, 21s. per week; barren mares, 16s.

Apply to Mr. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At Hurstbourne Park, Whitechurch, Hants.

BALLY EDMOND, by Bantam out of Chaseaway by Harkaway; has been a good stayer under high weights. Thorough bred mares at eight guineas; half-breds at four guineas.

Apply to Mr. JOHN COATES, as above.

GLASGOW AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL STALLION SHOW, 23rd Feb., 1875.

Premiums, £150 for a thoroughbred stallion for service in the district, and £100 for a Clydesdale, besides medals and cup, and prizes of £35, £10, and £5 for roadster stallions.

For terms, &c., see Premium Lists, which may be had from
JOHN DYKES, jun., Secretary,
79, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, Jan. 1875.

STUD GREYHOUND.

FLEETFOOT, black-ticked Dog, by Master McGrath out of Victory by Patent. He is own brother to Negro, winner of four stakes, and to Mischief, winner of one stake; and also to Nell, runner up to the winner in Puppy Stakes at Brigg. At 5 guineas. Fleetfoot was 1st Crystal Palace '72, 3rd '73; his dam, Victory by Patent, was 1st in '73, bitch class. Apply to JAMES HICKS, The Orchard, Boyne Hill, Maidenhead.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—The Polo and Shooting Rules, &c., with a List of Members of this distinguished Club, will be forwarded on receipt of 12 stamps by the SECRETARY, 173, Piccadilly, London.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLE-CHASES, over a New Course (all Turf), Ten Minutes' Walk from Olton Station, on the Great Western Railway, and Five Miles by Road from Birmingham.
FEBRUARY 9 and 10, 1875.

The following CLOSE on TUESDAY NEXT, February 2, to Mr. J. SHELDON, Temple Chambers, 50, New Street, Birmingham; or to Messrs. WEATHERBY, 6, Old Burlington Street, London.

Hunting certificates to be lodged at Messrs. WEATHERBY'S, 6, Old Burlington Street, London, a week before the race.

FIRST DAY.

RED COAT STAKES of 3 sovs. each (for starters) with £25 added; for hunters that have never won a steeple-chase value £50. Four year-olds 10st 9lb; five, 11st 12lb; six and aged, 12st 3lb. About three miles. Entrance one sov. to the fund.

HUNTERS' PLATE of 50 sovs., for hunters that have never won any steeple-chase, flat-race, or hurdle-race, value £20, not including the winner's own stake. Four-year-olds, 10st 5lb; five, 11st 8lb; six and aged, 12st. Entrance two sovs., to go to the fund. About three miles.

OPEN HUNTERS' PLATE of 40 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 3 sovs. each (for starters). Four-year-olds, 10st 5lb; five, 11st 8lb; six and aged, 12st. Winners of any steeple-chase or hurdle-race value £30 to carry 5lbs extra; of £50, 10lbs extra; two of £50, or £100, 14lbs. extra. Five-year-olds and upwards that have never won a steeple-chase or hurdle-race, value £20, allowed 7lbs. About two miles. Entrance two sovs. to the fund.

The Weights in the above three races have been revised.

SECOND DAY.

The **HUNT CUP** of 40 sovs., 12st 7lbs each. A winner of a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or flat-race, of the value of £50 once, 10lbs; twice of £50, or once of £80, 16lbs; thrice of £50, or once of £100, 21lbs extra. Six-year-old and upwards that have never won a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or flat-race, value £50, allowed 7lbs. Entrance two sovs. to the fund. About two miles.

MAIDEN PLATE of 19 guineas, 11st 7lbs each, for hunters that have never won a steeple-chase, hurdle-race, or hunters' flat-race, value £20. Two miles and a half. Entrance one sov. to go to the fund.

All the above races are for duly qualified hunters, under the National Hunt Rules.

Mr. R. JONSON, Handicapper.

Major Dixon, Starter.

Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Clerk of the Course.

GRAND MILITARY STEEPLE-CHASES.

RUGBY, FEBRUARY 23rd and 24th.

All Entries Close to Major Dixon only, on Saturday next, the 6th February, at 14, Charles St., St. James's, S.W.

The Entries for the Yeomanry Races also close at same place, the date of closing having been altered. Entries addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Grand Military Steeple-chases, Arlington Club, up to same date, will be all right.

THE NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING, MARCH 23rd and 24th, 1875.

The following Stakes will close on February 16th.

FIRST DAY.

TRIAL STAKES, with 40 sovs. added; 5 furlongs. **STAND PLATE** of 100 sovs.; 5 furlongs. **UNION HUNT CUP** of 40 sovs.; 1½ miles over hurdles.

MACARONI STAKES of 50 sovs. for Hunters; 2 miles on the flat.

SECOND DAY.

PORTLAND HANDICAP, 100 sovs. added; 1 mile. **HUNT CUP** of 50 sovs.; 2 miles over hurdles. Full programmes to be had by applying to the Clerk of the Course.

THE EGLINTON HUNT MEETING, 1875, will take place over BOGSIDE COURSE, IRVINE, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the 8th and 9th of April.

under the Newmarket and Grand National Rules.

The following handicaps close and name to Mr. Shaw, Ayr; Mr. E. Johnson, York; Mr. Lawley, London; or Messrs. Weatherby, London, on Thursday, March 11th.

FIRST DAY.

STEEPLE CHASES.

A **HANDICAP PLATE** of 50 sovs., given by the Earl of Eglinton and Winton; any winner after the publication of the weights () 7lb. twice or of 100 sovs. 10lb. extra; to be ridden by Gentlemen qualified under the Grand National Steeple Chase Rules, or regular subscribers of not less than 5 sovs. per annum to any established pack of hounds—professionals, trainers, grooms, or any one who has ridden for pay, 7lb. extra; entry 2 sovs. About two miles and a half, starting opposite the Stand.

The **EGLINTON HANDICAP** of 12 sovs. each, h. ft., with 300 sovs. added; a winner of 50 sovs. after the publication of the weights () to carry 7lb. twice or of 100 sovs. 10lb. extra; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; entrance 3 sovs., which is the only liability if forfeit be declared by a day to be hereafter published. About three miles and a half.

The **BOGSIDE HANDICAP HURDLE RACE** of 10 Sovs. each, 5 ft. with 100 added sovs. added; any winner of a hurdle race value 100 sovs. after the publication of the weights () to carry 10lb, any other winner 5lb extra; the owner of the second horse to save his stake; entrance 3 sovs. each to go to the fund which will be the only liability if forfeit is declared by ; about two miles and a quarter, over nine flights of hurdles.

FLAT RACE.

The **GLASGOW PLATE** (handicap) of 50 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of 50 sovs. after the publication of the weights () 5lb, twice or 100 sovs. 7lb extra; entry 2 sovs. Three quarters of a mile.

SECOND DAY.

STEEPLE-CHASES.

The **WEST OF SCOTLAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE**, a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. and 3 only (to the fund) if declared by a day to be hereafter published, with 100 sovs. added; winners after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice or the Eglinton Handicap, 14lb extra; the second to save his stake. About two miles and a half.

FLAT RACES.

The **IRVINE CUP** of 100 sovs. added to a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. and 2 only (to the fund) if declared by a day to be hereafter published; winners of 50 sovs. after the weights are published () to carry 7lb, twice, or 100 sovs. 10lb extra; the second to save his stake; one mile.

The **EGLINTON WELTER CUP** of 30 sovs. added to a Handicap of 5 sovs. each, 1 ft.; any winner after the publication of the weights () 5lb, if of 100 sovs. or any race at this meeting, 7lb extra; to be ridden by Gentlemen qualified under the Grand National Steeple-Chase Rules, or Members of any established Racing Club in Scotland—professionals, 7lb extra; four to start or no race; one mile and a quarter.

If fewer than five horses in the Eglinton Handicap, West of Scotland Grand National, or Irvine Cup, or fewer than three in the other races, start and actually race, *bond fide* the property of individuals having no interest in each other, only half the added money or value shall be given. No added money will be given for a walk over.

Mr. R. JONSON, York, Handicapper.

Major Dixon, Starter.

Mr. T. LAWLEY, London, Judge and Clerk of the Scales.

Mr. C. G. SHAW, County Buildings, Ayr, Secretary and Clerk of the Course.

Ayr, January 20th, 1875.

DUNVILLE & CO., BELFAST, are the LARGEST HOLDERS of WHISKY in the WORLD.

Their OLD IRISH WHISKY is recommended by the medical profession in preference to French Brandy. Messrs. DUNVILLE & CO., Royal Irish Distilleries, Belfast; or at their

LONDON OFFICES, 4, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS.



APOLOGY AND JOCKEY, correct portrait, beautifully coloured, 34 by 24, 10s. each; small size, free by post, 6s. The first issue is now ready. —GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

HUNTING PICTURES of every description. After Alken, Herring, Landseer, and Andsell. Sets, fox-hounds, 10s., 20s., and 40s., finely coloured. —GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

DERBY WINNERS for the last twenty years, 10s. each, or £9 the set. Also a very large stock of oleographs and engravings for the trade and exportation. —GEORGE REES, 41, 42, and 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden. Opposite Drury Lane Theatre.

PROPERT'S NEW IMPROVED HARNESS COMPOSITION.

THIS superior article is prepared on a newly discovered principle, which renders it beautifully soft and silky in texture, so that it will not clog the stitches of the harness or the brush. It is perfectly waterproof, will soften and preserve the leather, and quickly produce a brilliant jet polish. Invaluable to shippers, as it will not become hard in the box.

PROPERT'S SADDLE PASTE, for cleaning and polishing Saddles, Bridles, Brown Harness, &c., nourishes the leather, and resists water. Will not rub off.



PROPERT'S PLATE POWDER, non-mercurial, the purest and safest article for cleaning and polishing silver and electro-plated goods; quickly removes tarnish without wearing away the plate.

PROPERT'S KID REVIVER, for Dyeing, Softening, and Preserving Kid Boots. MANUFACTORY: 22, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON. Descriptive Lists free by Post.

Diploma of Merit, Vienna Exhibition, 1873.

GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.—The best Penny Packet in the World. Makes delicious Bread without Yeast; Puddings, Pastry, &c., without Eggs, Butter, or Lard. Bread made with this Powder is much easier to digest, and much more wholesome than that raised with Yeast, and a larger quantity is obtained from the same weight of flour. One trial will convince the most sceptical of its superiority over others.

Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen, in 1d. Packets, 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. Tins. Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.

Diploma of Merit, Vienna Exhibition, 1873.

YORKSHIRE RELISH.—The most delicious SAUCE in the World to Chops, Steaks, Fish, &c.

Sold by all Grocers and Oilmen, in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.—Trade mark, Willow-pattern Plate.

Proprietors—GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.

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GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.—The best and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. For the relief of Indigestion, General Debility, and Loss of Appetite it is invaluable. Recommended for its Purity by the Food Journal, Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., Wentworth L. Scott, Esq., F.C.S., F.A.S.L., F.R.S.S.A., the Lancet, &c.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, and Chemists, in large Bottles, at 1s., 1s. 1½d., 2s., and 2s. 3d. each.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & Co., Leeds.

MOST efficacious and reliable Recipe for Whitening the Hands and preventing Roughness; also good for the complexion. Sent